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Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

KING HONOURS A VETERAN SOLDIER.



His Majesty the King is seen in this photograph chatting with an Army veteran during his visit to Woolwich. The old soldier enlisted in the Royal Engineers the same year as the late Duke of Cambridge took up his commission in the Army. The officers standing on the left are General Lord Methuen and Major-General Sir Reginald Hart, V.C.

KUROKI'S CHIEF OF STAFF FISHING ON THE TAITSEHO.



The officer on the right, looking towards the camera, is General Fugi, Kuroki's Chief of Staff. He is enjoying a quiet afternoon's fishing during a lull in hostilities.—(Copyright of "Chicago Daily News.")

TROPHIES FOR H.M.S. ESSEX.



The Countess of Warwick, accompanied by Captain Farquhar (on her right) and the Earl of Warwick, proceeding to H.M.S. Essex, at Southend, to present to the ship's company the handsome trophy of silver plate and replica of Nelson's monument subscribed by the county of Essex.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Sibyl Louise Murray and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Claude Willoughby, whose marriage takes place to-day.—(H. Walter Barnett.)

AMERICAN SAILORS BEING ENTERTAINED BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON.



Sir Thomas Lipton receiving his sailor guests from the American battleship Olympia at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. In the corner appears one of the treasured presents of a tobacco-pouch filled with tobacco, a packet of cigarettes, and a pipe, which the generous host presented to each of the men. Sir Hiram Maxim and Sir Thomas Lipton are recognised by the letters A and B respectively.—See page 4.—(Russell and Sons.)

RUSSIAN OUTRAGE.

Baltic Fleet in North Sea Attacks Fishing Fleet.

FIRING 20 MINUTES.

British Captain and His Mate Have Their Heads Shot Off.

ONE TRAWLER SUNK.

Many Fishermen Wounded and Their Vessels Riddled with Shot.

HORRIBLE SCENES.

Another Trawler Reported Lost With All Hands.

BRITISH STEAMER HELD UP.

News almost impossible of belief arrived late last night.

It is to the effect that the Russian Baltic Fleet, which is traversing the North Sea, deliberately attacked a British fishing fleet, riddling them with shot for twenty minutes, during which, it is said, they sank two trawlers, the captain and mate of one of the British vessels had their heads shot off, and many others of the crew were seriously wounded. It is feared that the entire crew of one of the trawlers has been lost.

Details will be found below.

A Hull correspondent of the Press Association telegraphs:—

Messrs. A. M. Jackson and Company, solicitors for the owners of fifty Hull steam fishing vessels, have notified the Foreign Office and the Admiralty of an attack on a Hull fishing fleet by the Russian squadron.

The official information is that shortly after midnight on Friday the Russian Baltic squadron fell in with the Hull fishing fleet in the North Sea. The first portion of the fleet passed safely.

RUSSIANS OPEN FIRE.

The Russian ships turned searchlights on the British vessels for some time and then opened fire.

The steam trawler Crane was sunk, and the decapitated bodies of the skipper and mate have been brought to Hull.

The boatswain is understood to be seriously injured, and so are other members of the crew, who are aboard the mission ship.

The only slightly damaged member of the crew has arrived in Hull.

The steam trawlers Moulmein and Mino have arrived at Hull seriously damaged by shot, the latter having sixteen holes in her. It is feared other damage has been done to the trawlers, and that at least one more Hull trawler has been lost with all hands.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A representative of the "Eastern Morning News," Hull, telegraphing to the Press Association, says:—

A sensational story was told at Hull to-day,

Variable southerly to westerly winds; cooler; very rainy to fair temporarily.) **TO-DAY'S WEATHER** (Lighting-up time: 5.48 p.m. Sea passages will be moderate to smooth generally.

when the fleet of trawlers arrived from the North Sea fishing grounds.

They reported that 200 miles from Spurn the Russian fleet of eight vessels put on their searchlights, and after getting within firing range opened a fierce attack, which lasted about twenty minutes.

The report soon spread throughout the town that the fleet had been fired on by the Russian warships, and information obtained from members of the crew speedily confirmed the rumour.

The skipper of the Moulmein stated that the Gamecock and Great Northern Fleet were fishing about 220 miles east by north of Spurn at one o'clock on Saturday morning.

The weather was rather hazy at the time, and the outlines of several large vessels, apparently warships sailing in line, were dimly seen. Whilst the men of the fishing fleet were looking at the passing squadron searchlights were flashed upon them.

FISHING CREWS HORRIFIED.

By the aid of the lights those on board the Moulmein noticed what they took to be torpedo-boats approaching them. At one time it seemed likely that they would board the Moulmein, but they did not do so, and steamed away.

Soon the crews of the fishing vessels were horrified to find that they were being made targets of by the Russian vessels, and the effects of the bombardment were speedily visible.

First one and then another of the fishing vessels were struck by the flying shot. On most of the vessels the crews sought shelter by going below, but fortunately the crew of the Moulmein kept clear of their galley, for the fusilage had not been long started before what appeared to be a round shot struck the port side of the galley, passing out at the starboard side.

The trawler Mino lay very near to the Moulmein, and she was also under hot fire. Almost from stem to stern she had shot holes, but fortunately all the damage was above the water-line, and none of her crew were struck.

TWENTY MINUTES' BOMBARDMENT.

The bombardment is stated to have lasted twenty minutes, and caused consternation among the crews of the trawlers.

When the firing ceased the fleet sailed away southward, and soon afterwards rockets were sent up from one of the other trawlers. The Moulmein steamed in the direction of the spot indicated, and on getting near cries were heard, and it was found that the trawler Crane, of the Gamecock fleet, had been so badly damaged that she was sinking. Another trawler of the Gamecock fleet had arrived, and was taking off some injured members of the Crane's crew.

They included the engineer, who had a wound in his chest, supposed to be from a splinter, and another man, who had had his hand shot off. These men and others were placed on board the Great Northern mission vessel, where their injuries were attended to, those of the engineer being stated to be very serious.

HEADS SHOT OFF.

These cases, however, were not the worst, for on the deck of the Crane lay her skipper, Mr. George Smith, and the second hand, both of whom had had their heads shot away.

Their mutilated corpses were placed on board the Moulmein and taken to Hull, and some men with minor injuries were put on board the trawler Gull, which had not arrived at Hull up to late even-

ing.

News of the outrage rapidly spread in Hull, and thousands of persons assembled in the neighbourhood of the docks. The gates were, however, closed, and nothing could be seen by the public beyond the removal by the police officers of the bodies of the dead.

RIDDLED WITH SHOT.

Another correspondent of the Press Association at Hull telegraphs:—

A scene altogether without parallel was witnessed at St. Andrew's Docks, Hull, this evening when two Hull steam trawlers arrived riddled with shot. One of them, the Moulmein, had its flag flying at half-mast.

The Moulmein was riddled with shot, the Crane they reported sunk, and others badly damaged.

The captain of the trawler Crane had his head blown off, and the cook was blown out of the galley, and it is feared the rest of the crew were drowned.

FURTHER DETAILS.

Telegraphing later the Central News correspondent of Hull says:—

The Hull fishing fleet numbered about 50 vessels. The Russian warships were steaming in line, and the leading ships passed without incident, though most of the vessels turned their searchlights on the fishing craft for a period long enough to show the Russians the identity of the strangers.

After the greater part of the squadron had steamed by, the vessels opened fire. Nearly all of them took part in the firing.

The fishermen can give no reason for the attack by the warships.

The only suggestion is that the trawlers appearing suddenly to the Russians caused a momentary panic on board.

Another correspondent says that the Russians used shrapnel, and that active firing was maintained for twenty minutes.

The admiral of the fishing fleet burned a green flare to denote that the vessels were fishing, but no notice was taken of it by the Russian vessels.

Directly the news was received at Hull the Home Office was communicated with, and the son of the late master of the Crane was requested to go to London. He left Hull last night.

The skipper of the trawler Mino throws further light upon the action of the Russians.

Interviewed by a Central News representative, the skipper, Walter Whelpton, said: "About twelve midnight on Friday I was engaged fishing with the Gamecock Fleet about 200 miles E. by N. from Spurn, when I noticed a number of large vessels approaching from the north-east.

SWEPT BY SHRAPNEL.

"The foremost vessel was throwing a searchlight over the fleet. Shortly afterwards, when the vessels appeared to be a mile away, a large number of shots were fired towards our fleet, and the Mino was struck several times.

"The Russians must have seen us. They could not help it, for the haze was not thick. Neither could they have had any doubt, so far as I can see, as to what sort of craft we were.

"Then came the shooting. The Russian ships were bow on to us, and in some cases not more than a few ships' lengths away. Why, we could even see the faces of the sailors.

"One shot went through the galley skylight, breaking and cutting the mizzen rigging. Another struck the inside cabin, went straight through the mizzenmast and passed through the casing and the trawling-fish board.

"A third shot struck the boat's tackle, cutting it in halves. Other shots were fired, one striking the main companion, and another going clean through the boat. Two more went through the fore-cabin chimney and another through the trawling-fishing board.

"Then the vessel was struck by one or more shots in the hold, on the port side amidships, below the water-line, causing the vessel to take in water. The Russian vessels continued firing about half an hour, and then the entire number steamed away in a south-westerly direction.

SON'S HORRIBLE SIGHT.

The trawler Crane was the greatest sufferer. The only member of her crew who has arrived in Hull is Joseph Alfred Smith, of 7, Ribble-avenue, Ribble-street, Hull, son of the skipper, who was at sea with his father on his first voyage.

He was asleep in his bunk when he was aroused by the firing of guns. Just as he was getting up a shot struck the starboard side of the vessel and went through into the forecastle. The narrowness of young Smith's escape can be surmised when it is stated that the shot extinguished a lamp near which he was standing.

He rushed on deck, and noticed several searchlights being thrown on the vessel. A horrible sight met his gaze.

His father, George Henry Smith, and the third hand, John Leggott, were both lying on the deck with their heads shot off,

and the remainder of the crew were strewn about the deck, some of them injured very badly. One had his hand shot away.

CREWS BEWILDERED.

The members of the crews which came ashore were in such a state of excitement that they found it difficult to tell an intelligible story, while the two masters—Captain Haines, of the Moulmein, and Captain Whelpton, of the Mino—said they had been summoned to proceed to London to have an interview with the authorities, and were busy preparing for their journey.

"THE CURSED MURDERERS."

After describing the attack and its terrible effects, Captain Peaker of the Magpie, belonging to the Gamecock fleet, said: "The low skanks the cursed murderers!"

They seemed to lose control of himself, his face were purple with passion, and it was some minutes before he was able to speak again.

He then added: "When I left there were three or four trawlers not accounted for, and they may have gone to the bottom."

"Up till eight o'clock no fewer than twenty wounded fisherman had been placed on the mission ship in the harbour at Hull."

Many distressing scenes were witnessed. Women and sweethearts and children were seen weeping, and all were overcome with anxiety as to whether their relatives were among the injured.

The relatives of the crew of the Crane refused

at first to believe that they had been drowned, and the scene was indescribably touching when doubt gave way to a realisation of the awful truth.

Women fainted on seeing their relatives carried to hospital. Some have part of their limbs blown away, and are not expected to recover.

The names of the other vessels reported sunk are the Wren and the Mark Boat.

An officer of the Mino in an interview said that a shell whizzed over them, and at first they all thought it was the British naval fleet, and the captain shouted to the men to witness what he thought was only a demonstration. Shot followed shot, however, and the master shouted: "Good God, men. It's no demonstration. It's the Russian fleet. All lie low."

Rockets were fired and signals hoisted, showing they were fishermen, but the Russians kept on firing, and their signals were knocked down, one by one. The crew were struck, and a hasty retreat was ordered.

The Russian gunboats steamed into the centre of the fleet, and poured continuous torrents of shell, which was kept up for twenty minutes.

The town is in a state of wild indignation and the fish docks are crowded.

Captain Smith leaves a widow and eight children. Leggott was unmarried.

BRITISH FLEET UNINFORMED.

The Press Association's Devonport correspondent, on making inquiries in naval circles last night regarding the Hull fishing fleet outrage, was informed that Admiral Seymour had had no official news on the matter, and no special naval movements were reported.

A portion of the Baltic Fleet passed Dover yesterday afternoon. It consisted of seven battleships and three cruisers. It is believed these were the ships responsible for the wanton attack. They would have been near the spot where the trawlers were at midnight on Friday.

RUSSIANS HOLD UP A BRITISH STEAMER.

The Press Association's Portsmouth correspondent telegraphed last night:—

Yesterday afternoon the Russian fleet were sighted off the Isle of Wight, where they stopped a steamer.

SECOND TRAWLER SUNK.

HULL, Sunday Midnight.—It is now authoritatively stated that the steam trawler Wren has been sunk with all the crew.

AN EXPLANATION.

Russian Official Says the Affair Was an Accident.

In the course of an interview with a representative of the "Daily News," M. Sazonow, one of the officials at the Russian Embassy in London, at once expressed his deep regret, and his conviction that the unfortunate event had been the result of an accident.

"I am sure," he said, "that there is not in England a single man who will or can believe that the Russian Baltic Fleet would purposely fire upon British fishing vessels. No man in his senses could admit even the possibility of such an act."

"If such a thing has happened, it must have been due to an accident. It cannot have been otherwise. Collision? Yes. The trawlers may have been sunk in collision. That occurs every day. But firing? It is difficult to believe."

"From what you tell me, this took place of night, and possibly there was fog. If there was firing, I can only think that it arose in this way."

"Russia was warned some weeks ago that attempts would be made by the Japanese upon the Baltic Fleet as it was passing down the North Sea. The officers of the Baltic Fleet may possibly have thought that these vessels, which could get near to the Russian warships without attracting suspicion, had been lured [?] hired by the Japanese and supplied with torpedo tubes with which they could easily torpedoed our fleet."

"In their anxiety for the safety of the fleet our officers may well have feared this after the warning which was received that something of that sort was to be attempted."

"But accept my assurance that should it be verified that British lives have been lost and British fishermen wounded the deepest sympathy and regret will be provoked in Russia."

ARRIVAL OF SURVIVORS IN LONDON.

Shortly after three o'clock this morning some of the survivors of the outrage arrived at King's Cross Station from Hull, with the object of laying a complete statement of the affair before the Foreign Office.

The party consisted of Joseph Alfred Smith, son of the skipper of the Crane (who was killed); Captain Whelpton, master of the damaged trawler Mino; Captain Haines, and a seaman also named Smith.

They were accompanied by Mr. T. C. Jackson, solicitor to the owners of the fleet.

The party took rooms at the Great Northern Railway Hotel, and declined to make any statement for publication.

Up to five o'clock this morning no further details were to hand.

"MORAL VICTORY."

Russians More Than Satisfied with Last Week's Fighting.

OYAMA'S TACTICS.**Hurried Abandonment of the Town of Shahopu.**

There is little alteration in the positions of the opposing armies in Manchuria.

The hasty evacuation of the town of Shahopu by the Japanese is reported both by General Kuroptkin and General Sakharov, and may therefore be credited.

Probably no importance attaches to the movement, except that during the present war Japanese retirements have almost invariably preceded crushing Russian disasters.

In Russia great excitement has been created by the calling out of the reserves throughout an immense and densely-populated district.

The passing of the Baltic Fleet through the Straits of Dover leaves no room for doubt that these vessels are at last engaged in a serious attempt to reach Eastern waters.

The delay in dispatching it shows how fully the dangers and difficulties of the task before it have been realised at St. Petersburg. It is stated that full arrangements have been made for coaling on the long passage round the Cape, but surprise, as well as admiration, will be general if the fleet ever reaches its destination.

It must be recognised, however, that the attempt is fully justified by the desperate position of Port Arthur. The Sha-ho battle has been termed indecisive, but it has at least definitely precluded all possibility of the besieged fortress being relieved from the land.

Port Arthur's last hope is, therefore, in the safe arrival of the Baltic Fleet in Eastern waters. The hope would seem to be a very slender one.

RUSSIAN LOSSES 60,000.

Victors Bury Over 10,000 Dead Enemies with Military Honours.

The following telegram has been received at the Japanese Legation, dated Tokio, October 22:—

Marshal Oyama reports that the result of the investigation made up to October 22 regarding Russian losses in the Sha-ho battle are as follows:—

Prisoners: About 500.

Russian corps: 10,550.

Boots: Guns, 45; shells, 6,920; rifles, 5,474; ammunition, etc., 78,000.

The enemy's corpses have all been buried with military honours.

The Russian total casualties are estimated at sixty thousand.

A further investigation is still proceeding.

INDECISIVE FIGHTING.**Moral Victory Claimed for the Russians.**

PARIS, Sunday.—The special correspondent of the "Journal" in Manchuria telegraphs from Mukden under yesterday's date: "The operations of the last six days have ended in an indecisive fashion, but, on the whole, rather favourably for the Russians.

"For the first time the Japanese show signs of faltering. Their furious counter-attack on the Russian right and centre was broken, and they had to stop only a few kilometres north of the town where they began their advance.

"It is a moral victory for the Russians. The soldiers now feel that they can beat the Japanese, and that the latter are not so numerous as they thought."—Reuter.

COSTLY WARFARE.**200,000 Shells Fired in the Course of Two Days.**

A telegram to the "Echo de Paris" from St. Petersburg says: "In the battle of the Sha-ho the belligerents used twice as many projectiles as at Liashan. On the 14th and 16th they exchanged 200,000 shells."

"Thirty thousand men were put out of action on each side. Seventy per cent. of the Russian sick and wounded will rejoin the ranks after a fortnight spent in hospital."

"The wounds caused by the Japanese bullets are for the most part slight, except when they occur in the abdomen. The enemy are beginning, however, to use old rifles, the bullet of which is cast in copper and inflicts dangerous wounds. The rebels are armed with this weapon."

STONE-BLIND SOLDIERS.**Terrible Experiences on a Tibetan Pass.**

Further details of the terrible sufferings endured by the members of the British force on the return march from Lhasa have been received from Chumbi.

It appears that in the same blizzard and snow-storm which tried the headquarters' column so severely a survey party experienced still greater hardships.

The party was under Captain Cowie, and consisted with the escort, Reuter's Special correspondence, of 140 men. The blizzard came on while they were on the top of Rombia Pass.

The party spent an awful night in the snow, and when it stumbled into Phari next day sixty-nine men were not only snowbound but stonebound, twenty-five of them were also frost-bitten.

The local guide lost his way, and Captain Cowie steered the force to its destination by the compass.

SIMLA, Friday.—It is understood that the duration of the occupation by the British of the Chumbi is still under consideration.

With regard to the signature of the Lhasa Convention the Amban advised the Tibetans to accept it, was himself present at the signature, and only abstained from affixing his own name to the treaty because he had not received the necessary authorisation from Pekin.—Reuter.

KILLED BY SHOCK.**Woman Sees Her Nephew's Charred Remains and Dies.**

Two men have been burnt to death at a fire at Jackson Mills, Burnley, and the aunt of one of the victims, who saw her nephew's charred body being conveyed through the streets, died from the shock.

For hours the firemen fought with the flames without knowing that anyone was in the building, the fire having broken out after working hours.

But when they were able to enter they found the terribly-burnt body of young Mr. Jackson, the junior partner of the firm.

It was the young man's twenty-first birthday, and arrangements had been made for celebrating his coming-of-age that evening. He was last seen alive hurrying to the telephone office in the building, apparently with the idea of telephoning for the firemen.

On Saturday afternoon the firemen unexpectedly discovered the charred remains of James Marsh, who was also only twenty-one, and who had only been in the service of the firm for one day.

Marsh's body was being taken through the streets, on an ambulance, when the dead man's aunt, Mrs. Marsh, chanced to see it. The terrible shock was too much for her, she fainted in the street, and died within a few minutes.

THAMES RIVER FLEET.**New L.C.C. Boats Will Probably Be Built in London.**

Sixty thousand pounds in wages for London workmen.

That is the almost certain result of the recommendation to be made to the L.C.C. by the Rivers Committee with respect to the new Thames steamboats.

The committee have decided to recommend the Council to accept the tenders of Messrs. Thornycroft and Co., Chiswick; Messrs. Napier and Miller, Glasgow; and the Thames Ironworks Shipbuilding Co., Blackwall; for ten steamers each, at the respective tenders per steamer of £5,950, £5,950, and £6,500.

This probably means a contract of £124,500 for London, and it is estimated that half the contract will be paid in wages.

The five lowest tenders for these boats were:—Thornycroft, £5,950; Napier and Miller, £5,950; Palmers Shipbuilding Co., £6,297; Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., £6,400; Thames Iron-works, £6,500.

The vessels will be 130ft. long by 18ft. broad, will carry 320 passengers, and steam 13 knots per hour. They are to be ready by the beginning of May next.

The committee will recommend that Captain Owen, who used to command the Marguerite, be appointed manager of the Thames steamboats, at a salary of £500 a year.

INDEMNITY FOR THE ALLANTON.

The Russian Admiralty Council, sitting at the Supreme Prize Court, has annulled the decision of the Vladivostok Prize Court confiscating the British vessel Allanton and her cargo, seized by the Vladivostok Squadron, and ordered the immediate release of the vessel and her cargo. It has also been decided that an indemnity will be paid.

The King has appointed Mr. John George Wood-roffe, barrister-at-law, to be a Judge of the High Court of Calcutta.

POLICE AT THE KIRK.**Precautions Against Trouble Over Scottish Millions.**

Once more the thirty Wee Kirk ministers have been victorious over the eleven hundred other ministers of the Free Kirk.

The House of Lords' decision gave all the vast properties of the Church, amounting to many millions, to the thirty. As the question is to be raised in the House of Commons the losers asked that there should be delay.

But on Saturday, by a majority of three to one, the Judges of the Court of Session, Edinburgh, decided in favour of the Wee Kirks.

The Lord Justice Clark and Lords Trayner and Moncrieff held that the Court had no discretion, their duty being in no sense judicial but purely ministerial, and decided that the Lords' judgment be applied without delay.

It was feared that there might be trouble in the Kirks yesterday, especially in the Cromarty district, and at several places requests were made for police protection.

At King's Cross Church Inspector Macgregor sat in a pew, there was a constable in the hall, and the village policeman remained within call.

KING AND QUEEN MEET.**His Majesty Awaits His Royal Spouse at Charing Cross.**

When Queen Alexandra's train steamed into Charing Cross Station yesterday evening King Edward was waiting on the platform, and as the royal special came to a standstill at the platform his Majesty entered the saloon and affectionately embraced the Queen.

He also warmly greeted Princess Victoria and Prince Charles of Denmark, who accompanied her Majesty, and patted Princess Charles's baby on the cheek.

The Queen shook hands with several ladies and gentlemen on the platform, including the Danish Minister, and then drove off with the King to Buckingham Palace, a great crowd outside the station cordially cheering their Majesties as they drove past.

The Queen had intended to arrive in London on Saturday, but bad weather delayed her departure from Copenhagen.

Their Majesties the King and Queen are expected to go into residence at Sandringham to-day for the season, where the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, have been for some time.

LADYSMITH'S SALVATION.**Lord Robert's Tribute to the Volunteers.**

DURBAN, Sunday.—After inspecting the guard of honour at Ladysmith, Lord Roberts, who was welcomed with hearty cheers, expressed his satisfaction at the military bearing and demeanour of the cadets.

In the evening his lordship was entertained at a banquet by the Siege Club. It was the anniversary of the battle of Elandshaagte, and General Vale's retirement on Dundee.

Lord Roberts was enthusiastically cheered on rising to reply. In his speech he dealt with the whole war operations. He stated that the defence being in charge of his old friend Sir George White, he never doubted but that the safety of Ladysmith was assured.

The best thing for the Colonies and Great Britain was the recognition of the possibilities of the rising generation. He was gratified to know that the salvation of Ladysmith during the siege was largely due to the fact that 1,700 Volunteers were added to the Imperial forces.—Reuter.

PLUCKY RECORD BREAKING.**Vegetarian, Despite Falls, Cycles to Edinburgh in 27 hrs. 10 mins.**

G. A. Olley, the vegetarian champion, of the Anerley Cycling Club, finished his ride from London to Edinburgh at 5:12 p.m. on Saturday, beating the record by 54 min.

He had many accidents by the way, and his ride was a plucky performance.

Shortly after leaving the General Post Office Olley slipped and fell near the Angel, at Islington. At Barnet, twelve miles from the start, a pedestrian rushed from a public-house, and Olley ran into the man. Both fell, and Olley damaged his left knee. It bled rather badly, and Olley, to save friction, cut the knee of the trouser clean out. At Morpeth Olley came a bad cropper through side-slip, and strained his shoulder and side.

But pluckily riding on, he finished looking little the worse for his ride.

His diet during the ride was chiefly bread, butter, jam, rice, hot tea, eggs, and milk. The distance covered was 382 miles, and the time, 27hrs. 10min., giving an average speed of over fourteen miles an hour.

Before the 2nd Royal Fusiliers leave Aldershot for India next month all ranks are to be inoculated against typhoid fever.

OLYMPIANS AT PLAY.**Sir Thomas Lipton's Treat to U.S. Sailors.****GIFTS FROM THEIR HOST.**

"Boys, you are looking very well!" was Sir Thomas Lipton's hearty greeting to his guests, the officers and men of the American warship Olympia, who had journeyed from Gravesend for a day at the Crystal Palace on Saturday.

Nearly 300 strong, they filed into the brilliantly decorated dining-hall and took their stations at the long tables with man-o'-war smartness. With equal smartness did the army of waiters ply the many dishes.

It was a luncheon to meet the approval of a City alderman; and there was not an American Jack Tar that did not do it full justice.

The Crystal Palace band played American music, and by the time the Christmas pudding was on the table it had got to "Marching Through Georgia," whereas the Olympians' good humour would not be denied, and they joined in with right good will.

Everybody was brimming over with smiling good-fellowship.

Gifts From Sir Thomas.

Admiral Jewell was engaged in another festive combat in the City, but there were Captain H. G. Colby, Lieutenant-Commander Louis van Duzer, and Lieutenant Le Breton; and, to welcome the Olympians, Sir G. Faundel-Phillips and Sir Hiram Maxim. Later on Captain Stockton, naval attaché of the American Embassy, and Consul General Evans arrived.

"Three cheers and a tiger" were given for King and President by 300 lusty throats, and later there were "three times three and a tiger" for Sir Thomas.

"The only reason we like to see the Shamrock beaten," said Lieutenant Le Breton, "is because it means we shall soon have Sir Thomas Lipton back again."

There were many happy speeches, and Sir G. Faundel-Phillips skilfully rose from humorous stories to an eloquent appeal for Anglo-American unity that "brought the house down."

Sir Thomas had forgotten nothing. A fine briar pipe, with his "compliments" engraved on its silver mount, a capital pouch of tobacco, and some cigarettes were by every man Jack's plate.

"Now, boys," he said, "I want you to go on just as if the Crystal Palace belonged to you. Paint the place red, boys. Don't run away with any of the statues, but do anything else you like."

And they did.

They saw "A Night Off" at the theatre. They looped the loop, and shot the chute. They did the waltzing tops without becoming giddy.

They were photographed. They went on the topsy-turvy railway, and roared at themselves in the distorting mirrors.

On the flying machines they particularly distinguished themselves, one of them going round head downwards.

"But it's over too soon," was the rueful comment when tea-time came and the Olympians once more sat at Sir Thomas's tables.

After ten the men formed up in double column and marched to the special train in waiting to convey them to Gravesend. "Sir Thomas Lipton said: 'Well, boys, I hope we may all meet again soon.' Then he went the whole length of the train, shaking hands with every one of his guests once more.

ADMIRAL JEWELL'S LONDON ANCESTORS.

Rear-Admiral Jewell, of the American Navy, was on Saturday entertained at luncheon by the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers.

In acknowledging the toast of his health the Admiral said that his interest in London was beyond the ordinary interest of the American citizen.

His ancestry was almost entirely from the City of London.

"SATAN ON THE SPA."**Scarborough Visitors Expect Sunday Evening Concerts.**

"Some people seem to think that if we have a concert on Sunday evenings we might as well take him off his chain and let him loose on the Spa."

So spoke a shareholder at the annual meeting of the Scarborough Spa last Saturday.

For two years there have been no Sunday evening concerts on the Spa, although the band plays on Sunday afternoon.

The feeling of the shareholders was evidently strongly in favour of a Sunday evening concert from 8.30 to 9.30.

DUKE OUT MOTORING AGAIN.

The Duke of Connaught, who has almost recovered from his recent motororing accident, was well enough yesterday to take a motor-run from Edinburgh to the Forth Bridge and back.

His Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught, was much benefited by the trip.

MR. BECK'S JUDGE.

Sir Forrest Fulton Before the Commissioners.

CONTRADICTORY EVIDENCE.

The event of chief importance at the fourth day's sittings of the Commission appointed to inquire into the circumstances of Mr. Adolf Beck's wrongful conviction in 1890 and 1904 was the appearance of Sir Forrest Fulton, Recorder of London, before the three Commissioners.

It was Sir Forrest Fulton, then Common Serjeant, who passed sentence upon Mr. Beck at the Old Bailey in March, 1896.

Before the Commission received his statement on Saturday the president, Sir Richard Henn Collins, Master of the Rolls, announced that anything the Recorder might state before them was entirely at the latter's own instance. In his opinion it would be nothing short of a public scandal if any questions in the nature of a cross-examination were addressed to a Judge who, for public reasons, had thought fit in a public occasion to give such facts as he thought material.

"A GRIEVOUS WRONG."

The Recorder prefaced his statement with the words: "There is very little which I desire to add to the very full public statement I thought it my duty to make, in the face of the wholly exceptional circumstances connected with this unhappy case, in which a grievous wrong has been done to Mr. Beck."

With reference to Mr. Avory's conduct of the prosecution, the Recorder paid a tribute to him as a lawyer and as a man of the highest honour and integrity.

"I think, however," Sir Forrest Fulton added, "he was in error in supposing that the previous conviction could not have been charged in the misdemeanour indictment."

The President: Were the documents relating to the non-identity of Smith with Beck included in the papers before you at the trial?—I think not.

The Recorder said it was not brought to his notice that "Smith" was a Jew and Beck was not, but as a result of his communication to the Home Secretary the examination was made, which led to the prison badge "D.W." signifying a previous conviction, being removed from Beck.

Beck's Solicitor and the Treasury.

The next witness was Mr. T. D. Dutton, solicitor, who acted for Mr. Beck at his first trial. After the committal for trial of Beck he expressed surprise to Mr. Sims, of the Treasury, that he should have proved a previous conviction. He told Mr. Sims at the time he left the court that he had evidence to prove that Beck could not be Smith.

Ex-Inspector Waldock was called, the president informing him he had been sent for in order that he might have an opportunity of saying what he desired to say with reference to some observations made by Mr. Beck as to the circumstances of the identification.

Mr. Waldock then proceeded to say that Mr. Beck had made a mistake in saying that he assisted one of the women who identified him to place her umbrella on him.

He met Mr. Beck accidentally after the latter's release. Mr. Beck said he would give him £200 to prove his innocence.

He replied, "I am afraid you never will prove your innocence." Since Mr. Beck had received his pardon he had apologised to him, saying that he had been misinformed, and that he had always found Waldock to be his friend. It was well known throughout the service that he had never believed Mr. Beck guilty till he was convicted.

Mr. Waldock's Apology.

Mr. Sims was recalled, and informed by the president that Mr. Waldock had said that at his (Mr. Sims's) request he had examined Beck, and that on examination he had failed to find on him marks corresponding to those on Smith's certificate of identification, and reported the fact to him (Mr. Sims).

Mr. Sims said he was sorry to find his evidence was in conflict with that of Mr. Waldock, and that he was obliged to contradict it.

Sir S. Walpole said that Mr. Beck confirmed Mr. Waldock's statement.

The President: Are you confident that Mr. Waldock made no such report to you?

Mr. Sims replied in the affirmative.

The Commissioners will resume their sitting this morning.

"The Martyrdom of Adolf Beck" is a necessary guide to all who are following the Beck inquiry. It is a graphic narrative by Mr. G. R. Sims of this remarkable miscarriage of justice. The pamphlet can be purchased at all newsagents and bookstalls, price threepence.

FOUND DEAD IN A TRAIN.

Upon the arrival of a train from Bolton at Blackburn on Saturday night an elderly woman, whose identity is at present unknown, was found lying dead in a third-class compartment.

In her possession was the return half of a ticket from Pendleton to Lower Darwen.

BABY AND DETECTIVES.

CHILD'S DEATH ATTRIBUTED TO A POLICE SEARCH.

Strange allegations in connection with the East End murder were made at an inquest at Stepney on Saturday on the infant son of Florence White, sister of the men Wade and Donovan, who have been charged with killing Miss Farmer.

Mrs. White said the child was frightened to death through detectives coming to her house.

She said she was feeding the baby when the detectives broke open the front door with a jemmy.

They pushed her about and said, "Who have you got under the bed? We are going to arrest you all and take you to the station. We can't study you or the children."

One of the detectives, turning to her mother, added, "Your two sons never had any mercy on the poor murdered woman."

"Did you open your door directly the police knocked?" the coroner asked.—"Yes."

At this stage the witness fell back in a faint.

Mrs. Eliza Wade, corroborated Mrs. White's story, and said they were all very much frightened and upset.

Dr. Leonard Harman said the death of the child was due to suffocation, and was not from shock or fright.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

Interviewed after the inquest, Chief Detective Inspector Divall said he was kept outside Mrs. White's house for three-quarters of an hour, and was compelled to force the door.

He denied that the remarks alleged by Mrs. White were used and that anyone was pushed.

ARRESTED AT THE STORES.

LADY ACCUSED OF FRAUDULENTLY USING AN ADMIRAL'S NUMBER.

On a charge of obtaining goods by false pretences from the Army and Navy Stores, a lady named Annie Constance Fisher Childe, who stated that she was the wife of a colonel, and gave her address as Kinlet, Bewdley, was remanded by the Westminster magistrate on Saturday.

It was stated that on Friday morning she went to the deposit order office and applied for the ticket number of Admiral Sir John Hext, who was a member. After filling up a form, the number was supplied, her statement being that she was authorised to draw on the admiral's account.

An assistant in the drapery department said Mrs. Childe ordered goods to the value of £25. 9s. She presented the card which had been given her bearing a depositor's name and number. Inquiries were made, with the result that she was taken into custody in the mantle department, where she had made it, was alleged, a further endeavour to obtain goods in the depositor's name.

A telegram had been received from Admiral Sir John Hext stating that no one was authorised to draw on his deposit account. Mrs. Childe, however, declared that Sir John had given her authority.

She mentioned the names of two noblemen, and with regard to one said: "He will liquidate any liability of mine."

Inspector Fuller said Mrs. Childe had acted strangely throughout, and at the station she threw a bunch of keys at him. The magistrate, in remanding her, said the doctor would be asked to report on her case.

LOVERS' LAST MEETING.

GIRL POISONS HERSELF JUST BEFORE HER WEDDING DAY.

The circumstances of a young lady's tragic death have been reported to the Cheshire coroner.

Miss Jennie Charlesworth, twenty-two years of age, of The Horn, Nantwich, returned from Crewe to her home last Friday night, and met her lover, to whom she was about to be married, near the gate of her residence.

After some conversation they parted. Going indoors Miss Charlesworth proceeded to her bedroom and drank a quantity of poison. Before a doctor could be summoned she was dead.

In her dress-pocket a letter referring to the postponement of her wedding was found.

SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

"DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, landslides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

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GIRL CHOOSES DEATH.

WOULD RATHER DIE THAN LIVE WITHOUT HER LOVER.

Intensely pathetic was the letter written before suicide by Ada Eleanor Thornhill, aged seventeen, to her lover, a young man named Cox. The latter cut his throat immediately after receiving it, and now lies in hospital.

In the course of it she said:—

"I write these few lines to you to bid you goodbye till we meet in the next world. What made you say that you would not come again until you got work?"

Dar Fred, you have been good to me when you were at work, and I could have done my best while you were out; but no, you are too proud; you would take nothing from me. Do you think I could go out enjoying myself when I knew you had not a penny in your pocket? Dear Fred, you could have had half whatever I had; but no, you were too proud.

I love you, Fred, and I cannot bear you to stop away from me, so I am going to end my life. I love you, Fred, better than my life.

When I am gone, Fred, go round to where I am lodging and ask Bell to give you my ring-box, and in it you will find the ring you gave me. Take it, and when you are looking at it sometimes you think of the girl who you loved, and who loved you so much that she would rather be dead than live without you. I hope, dear, you will excuse mistakes in this letter, because I can hardly see to write it I am crying so, and cannot help it. . . . From your unhappy sweetheart,

NELL.

It transpired from the mother's evidence at the inquest on Saturday that she had disapproved of Cox courting her daughter. Words passed between mother and daughter, and the latter, on July 30, was told to go away from her parent's house in Flint-street, Poplar. On Thursday last her body, which had apparently been in the water for about eight hours, was recovered from the River Lea, at Old Ford.

"It is a great pity," the Coroner said to the mother, "you did not keep your eye on her instead of sending her adrift."

A verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind, was returned.

"MAGNETISED" BY A MAID.

SUPECTED MAN MAKES A PRETTY SERVANT GIRL HIS EXCUSE.

A pretty young girl, named Lilian Wall, maid-servant to Mr. Arthur Dillon, of Wynnstay-gardens, Kensington, was in the kitchen when she heard a noise in the bedroom next door, and saw a man getting in at the window. She asked him what he wanted, and he made off.

While looking for a constable she saw the man entering a public-house. He was arrested, and given his name as Robert Jenkins.

In answer to the magistrate at West London Police Court Jenkins said he was passing the house and saw the maid at the window, and he merely stopped and looked at her.

Mr. Lane: Was there anything singular about her?

Jenkins: I saw her, and then I stopped. Didn't you hear me whistle?

The Maid: Certainly not. I wasn't at the window. I was in the kitchen.

The magistrate remanded Jenkins as a suspected person.

ILL-FATED HONEYMOON.

TRAGIC SEQUEL TO A THRILLING BICYCLE RIDE.

While on her honeymoon a few months ago Mrs. Elizabeth Dykes, of Fulham Palace-road, met with a slight accident while cycling, from the effects of which she never fully recovered.

She was riding down a steep hill on a tandem with her husband when the brake refused to act. With desperate energy the husband managed to slow up sufficiently to allow of his wife falling off.

It was impossible for Mr. Dykes to dismount, and although the fall had not injured Mrs. Dykes so stoutly that her husband had met with a shocking death.

After the accident the bright young wife changed into a moribund woman. Her mind seemed to be unbroken, and she several times said she would like to drown herself.

Last Thursday her dead body was found in the Thames at Kew, and on Saturday a coroner's jury returned an open verdict.

DRUGGING GIRLS IN PARKS.

A man who is alleged to have made a living by drugging girls in London parks and robbing them was sentenced to five years' penal servitude and three years' police supervision, at the Middlesex Sessions on Saturday.

The particular offence for which the man, Harry Abraham, was sentenced was robbing a German governess in Alexandra Park at 2s. 6d.

PRICE OF BEAUTY.

Fleeting Loveliness After Hours of Torture.

PATIENT EXPOSES A "CURE"

Some astonishing facts concerning the methods of a West End "beauty doctor" were disclosed at Marylebone Police Court on Saturday by a woman who—to her sorrow—had been induced to try the effects of this specialist's complexion "cure."

The results of the experiment were so extremely unsatisfactory that the disappointed client sought the advice of the magistrate on the subject.

Explaining how she came to visit the beauty doctor the applicant said that she had been earning her livelihood by doing dressmaking in ladies' houses, but as a result of repeated attacks of indigestion, red veins had come out on her nose and pimples on her chin, and this disfigurement had so militated against her that she was hardly able to earn her living.

She accordingly tried many things to effect a cure, and in the course of her inquiries she was introduced to a certain lady living in some mansions in the vicinity of the court, and carrying on business in the West End, who was represented as the greatest authority on that particular complaint in the country.

CURE GUARANTEED FOR £20.

She was told by this lady that she could guarantee a cure for £20. "Oh, that's enormous," said the applicant. "I am not coming to you to be made young, and beautiful, but only to be made whole-some."

Eventually, however, she paid the money, and after undergoing the treatment for ten days her face was worse than ever. She then wrote to the lady telling her of the fact, but was unable to get any satisfaction.

The chief warrant officer stated that a lady—the wife of an officer—applied at the court only the previous day against the same person, with reference to the detention of a brooch, valued at £15 or £20, and although he called upon her she still refused to give it up. The lady was compelled to start for India without it. She, too, had been to the person in question for face treatment.

Detective-sergeant Draper, who accompanied the applicant, said two or three other persons had been to the police, but none of them appeared to have parted with money under any false statements or pretences.

TORTURE OF THE TREATMENT.

Reference was made by the warrant officer to the existence of letters testifying to the efficacy of the beauty doctor's treatment. The applicant said she knew very well how they were obtained, and proceeded to give an account of the extraordinary nature of the treatment.

Madam, she said, put some stuff on her clients' faces, which had a burning effect, and caused them to swell to a tremendous size. She then put on a sticky plaster, which was allowed to remain fifteen or sixteen hours, and when it was removed the face was like a half-roasted beefsteak.

After that she administered a sticky jelly. That left the face like a pudding basin, and it was allowed to remain in that state four or five days, during which time the unhappy victim was unable to part her teeth, and had to be fed with milk in a feeding cup.

Then the mask was taken off, and, whatever your age, the face was that of a young woman of eighteen years of age—full, clear, and fat; beautiful, in fact, without a wrinkle, a scar, or a blemish, except it be that it was very, very red.

DELuded CLIENTS.

That, of course, the applicant continued, was madam's opportunity. She praised their looks unsparely, and produced pen and paper. The elated but deluded woman would give her a splendid testimonial, only to discover that within a few days the wrinkles gradually reappeared, and the face became like a collapsible concertina.

Within a fortnight, she said, in conclusion, you looked worse than when you started.

Mr. Curtis Bennett, after listening to her story, referred the applicant to Detective-sergeant Draper, and she left the court with him.

MR. SINCLAIR, M.P., FINED.

The Falconstone Bench on Saturday fined Mr. Louis Sinclair, M.P. for the Romford division, £2 and 1s. costs for furiously driving a motor-car on Sunday. The police alleged that the speed of the car was twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. Mr. Sinclair's licence was also ordered to be endorsed.

TWO HUNDRED TIMES IN COURT.

A flower-seller, named Sarah Northern, aged fifty-six, who was charged at the Guildhall on Saturday with being drunk and disorderly, is well known at the court, having been charged with drunken conduct some 200 times.

She was sent to prison for seven days.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1904.

LETHAL CHAMBERS FOR THE INSANE.

WHAT are we to do with the insane? It is a question that has troubled all communities ever since the complications of life produced insanity and Humanity forbade its victims being knocked on the head.

Just now the problem is, for us in England, more than usually acute. There are three or four persons in every thousand of our population who are certified to be either lunatics or idiots—that is, persons either born of unsound mind or driven mad by some cause, such as overwork, drink, or drugs. This is nearly double the per-thousand rate of fifty years ago.

In London alone, as the returns published to-day show, there are 24,000 insane people who have to be supported out of the rates. This shows an increase of just on a thousand in one year, and of 7,000 since 1890. Lunatics become, in fact, more and more numerous every day.

To shut them up is certainly better than letting them be at large. An insane person at liberty is not only a danger in the present. He is a danger to the future, for his children and his children's children may very likely spread into far-distant times the hideous disease which afflicts him.

But will the sane always be content to pay out large sums every year for the shutting-up of the insane? The doubt is aroused by a suggestion made only last week in the United States. A well-known doctor, who has made a special study of madness and crime, read a paper at a Prison Congress proposing that the permanently insane should be painlessly put to death.

At first sound this idea may seem brutal, impracticable. But as the world grows fuller, and the stress of life adds to the number of the insane, some solution of this kind is certain to be more and more insistently advocated.

The greatest care would have to be taken, of course, to defeat the designs of the wicked, who would try to get sane people out of the way by representing that they had lost their reason. With due precautions, however, we are not at all sure that the plan proposed by Dr. Hutch would not be much better all round than our present system.

Anyone whose mind has gone is as good as dead already. Can any good purpose be served by keeping his body alive?

BEAUTY DOCTORING."

It is difficult to get up sympathy with people who are foolish enough to believe in "beauty doctors." Yet, if ever there was a case deserving of pity, it is that which we report to-day of the unfortunate dressmaker whose face, after treatment for pimples and redness of the nose, now resembles a "collapsible concertina."

This poor woman underwent the treatment simply because she found that her disfigurement made ladies unwilling to employ her. She merely asked to be made "wholesome." Now she is asking a magistrate to make it hot for the "doctor," a woman who can produce any number of testimonies wrung from her victims (so it was alleged) before the results of her "doctoring" have been fully realised.

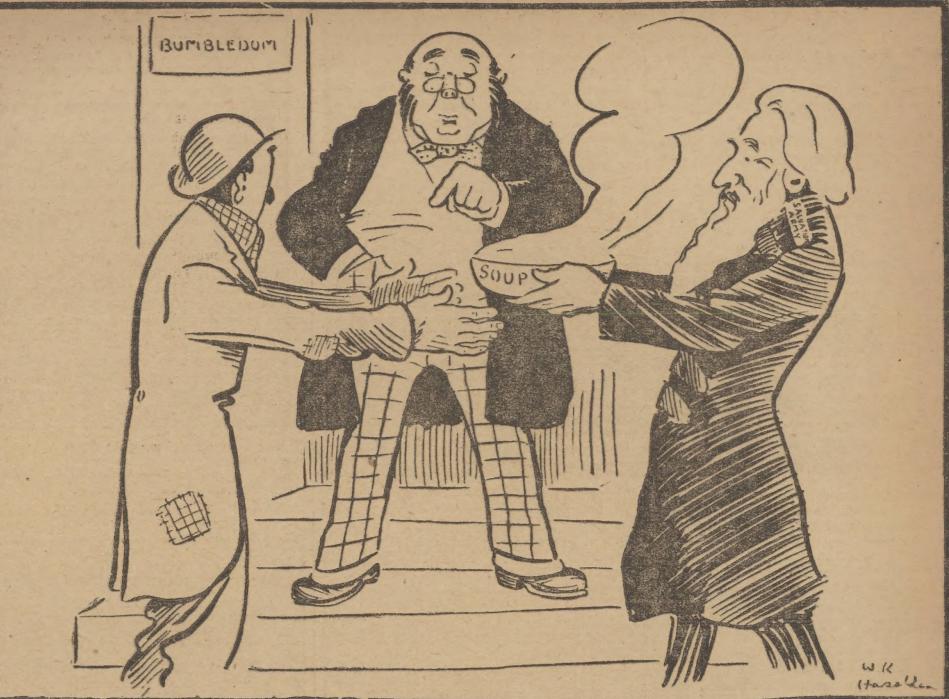
It is very much in doubt, however, whether the dressmaker will get any redress. These charlatans do not, as a rule, "obtain money by false pretences." They profess to make their dupes beautiful, but beauty is a term which has different meanings for different people. And they can always take refuge in the excuse that the dupe was incurable.

We should like to see the legality of their cruel operations tested, but a better safeguard against them than the law is—common sense.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If you would succeed as a courtier, you must say good-bye to independence and sincerity. It is not to be thought of that your individuality should be tolerated alongside that of your royal master or mistress. *Memoirs of a Lady-in-Waiting* at the Court of the Emperor William.

SOUP IS BETTER THAN CIRCULARS.



BUMBLE (to the hungry unemployed): We aren't forgetting you, my good man. We're issuing several circulars about you.

GENERAL BOOTH: Here, drink this; you'll find it more nourishing than circulars.

[While the local government authorities are talking and "issuing circulars," the Salvation Army are already putting in operation practical plans for relieving the prevalent distress.]

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD RIDLEY—it is still rather difficult not to call him "Sir Matthew"—who is lying ill, is one of the statesmen whose careers have been cut short by receiving peccages. His best known work was performed as Home Secretary, and it is still said that he ought to have been Speaker of the House of Commons in succession to Speaker Peel. He is a man of not uncommon tastes, and his chief love is for a certain aluminium pipe of his own construction.

* * *

The best story told of him is of his upsetting a sentence passed by his brother, Mr. Justice Ridley. The Judge, when about to sentence a prisoner, asked for the man's record, and was surprised to find that only a short time before he had sentenced him to five years' penal servitude. "What is the meaning of this?" asked the Judge. "Why, my Lord," quoth the offender, "yer see, I was released by your brother, the 'One Skeytary,' 'oo said as 'ow I'd got a werry improper sentence!"

THE MAN OF TO-DAY.

Lord Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor.

TO-DAY he welcomes his Majesty's Judges back to work, for is he not the "keeper of his Majesty's conscience," and head of the English law.

Short and heavy of stature, but with enormous dignity and importance, ruddy of face, keen of eye, and with a smile perpetually lurking at the corners of his wide and whimsical mouth, he is not an imposing figure.

In his gorgeous robes and with his wig somewhat askew, he is still less so.

He is self-reliant and self-satisfied too, and believes in being ready for all emergencies, as he proved by the contents of his pockets when called upon to take the oath in the House of Commons many years ago. He had lost his wit, and deposited, among other things, a bootlace, a ten-bladed knife, and a ham sandwich on the table while searching for it.

He is a source of perpetual envy to Mr. George Robey and Mr. Dan Leno, who, though able to rival his appearance, find his voice beyond them.

That he believes in his own importance he has shown by refusing invitations on finding that the guests on the list were not fit people for him to meet.

He likes and knows a good horse, detests tobacco, and has a marked dislike for ghosts.

His greatest accomplishment is fencing, but he is getting beyond that now. His most firm belief is that patronage, like charity, begins at home. Now that he has turned eighty, he does not like to be referred to as an "octopus."

Another invalid is Colonel Edward James Saunderson, the irrepressible Irish M.P., and personal friend of the Kaiser. He quite won the heart of that sport-loving Sovereign by the boast that he had designed his own yacht, raced it, won a gold cup with it, while the crew were also bred by himself, for they were his four sons.

* * *

He has an enormous fund of stories, and some of the best of them are against himself. One is of a letter he received from a tenant in reply to a demand for rent. It ran: "If I receive any more of your annoying communications I shall place them in the hands of my solicitor." As a Tory he is not loved in Ireland, which prompted him to reply when told that he would rise to the top of the tree: "Yes, with a rope round my neck."

* * *

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has always been famous for looking after her comforts behind the scenes, and now she has rather started at least one theatre manager in New York. "On the first night at the New Amsterdam Theatre," says the "New York Tribune," "her dressing-room was in the second storey, and to reach it she had to take the lift. She discovered a draught in the elevator shaft which dared to blow upon her remarkable shoulders, and, not acknowledging the breezy compliment, Mrs. Campbell demanded a dressing-room on the stage level.

* * *

"There being no dressing-room on the stage level, ten carpenters were busy all next day erecting one of wooden framework and canvas. But no sooner had Mrs. Campbell begun to dress than she discovered the noise of the scene-shifters' feet, running about at their labours, affecting her nerves. The manager of the theatre was summoned, and by nine o'clock the scene-shifters were pattering softly over the stage in brand new rubber soles. Then Mrs. Campbell was satisfied." Judging by the reception she has received, so are New York playgoers.

BRITISH TASTE IMPROVING.

The British love of a ballad is proverbial amongst foreign musicians. Certainly there is some justification for this, when one considers what a huge audience filled Queen's Hall for the opening ballad concert of the season, the main part of the programmes at which consist of songs of the "drawing-room" type. But it is satisfactory to see that these songs are fast improving in quality, and on Saturday afternoon some very attractive ditties were heard.

Miss Caroline Hatchard, a new-comer, made a hit by her singing of "Orpheus and his Love," and other songs: her voice is a florid soprano of fine quality.

Many happy returns of yesterday to "Black Michael," to use the somewhat descriptive title by which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is known. It was a good nickname, for it describes not only his complexion, but his sinister Parliamentary manner. Even now, at the age of sixty-seven—he is Father of the House of Commons—he has lost little, if anything, of his power of saying bitter and biting things in debate.

* * *

Perhaps his temper is not so hot now as it was, or perhaps he keeps it under the same control that he did while he was Leader of the House. Then he managed to give the impression that he was quite a shrewd and tactful person. He has never managed to make any number of personal friends in the House, in spite of his many years there, and through his retirement, when it comes, will be a loss to his Party, there will not be any great feeling of personal loss.

THE MAN OF SATURDAY.

Sir Thomas Lipton.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON really is a delightful speech-maker, and his efforts on Saturday, when he entertained the American blue-jackets at the Crystal Palace, were quite in his best form. His guests cheered with delight when he told them that the U.S.A. had kept up its reputation for doing things in a big way by the lickings which had been doled out to him in his quest for the America Cup. He scored an even better hit a few years ago.

He was describing the way he had been treated in America. "Everything possible was done," he said, "to make things easy and pleasant for me, with one exception." The pause which followed was awful. What terrible revelation was coming?

"And that was the trifling matter of letting me lift the Cup," he continued, when the suspense had been as long as he dared let it.

Of course many stories are fathered on him. One is the story of the lady, the pipe, and the dog. It is supposed to have happened during a journey in a Caledonian train.

He was followed into a "smoking" compartment by an elderly lady, who carried a small and obtrusive dog. "This is a smoking compartment," said Sir Thomas. "I don't care if it is," she retorted.

Sir Thomas said no more, but later produced a cigarette pipe and began to smoke. A moment later the pipe was snatched from his mouth and flung from the open window. Quick as a thought, the yachtsman hurried the pet dog after it. At the next station the owner gave Sir Thomas in charge, What the result would have been, it is hard to say, but at the critical moment the little dog arrived calmly carrying the pipe.

UNITED STATES SAILORS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



Some of the United States sailors, Sir Thomas Lipton's guests, on Maxim's flying machine at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. Sir Hiram Maxim is seen standing under the bar of one of the cars near the centre of the picture.—(Russell and Sons.)

BRIGHTON'S NEW COLISEUM.



The new Coliseum at Brighton. The opening ceremony is to be performed this afternoon by the mayor, Alderman Marx.

ANOTHER BOY PRODIGY.



Elman Micha, the wonderful twelve-year-old Russian boy violinist. His technique is said to equal that of Franz Vecsey. He will shortly appear in London.

MILTON'S CHURCH BEAUTIFIED.



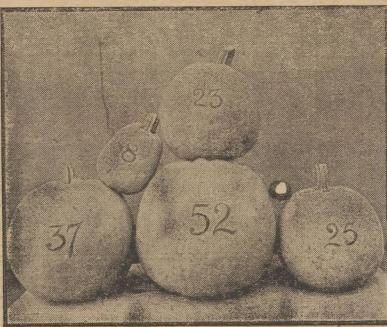
St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, where a service of thanksgiving for the completion of its restoration was held yesterday morning. A × marks the spot which has been chosen for the proposed Milton statue.

BABES WHO LIVE ON A RAFT.



The Wallingford twin boys, chained to the raft on which they have lived in the open by the river during the greater part of their short career. They have never worn shoes, stockings, or hats, and have never been ill.—(Baine, jun., Reading.)

GIANT MARROWS.



These fine marrows were grown on a single plant in a Devonshire garden. The figures represent the number of pounds each marrow weighs.

TWO PRETTY ENTRIES FOR THE "MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



ELSIE MANLEY, of Leicester.



MURIEL VAUGHAN, of Merthyr Tydfil.

MISSING.



Reginald Schenkel, of Hove, who has been missing since September 2.

NEW FRENCH METHOD



Experiments are now being carried on by the French Army with kit-bags. In the second photograph the kit-bag-boat is seen crossing a wa-



Latest War Pictures.

JAPANESE ARTILLERY IN ACTION.



A recent photograph of Japanese artillery in action was taken during an engagement in the Manchurian hills. It is one of the best photographs of actual fighting that have arrived from the Far East. (Copyright of the "Chicago Daily News.")

JAPANESE CAPTURE A DUMMY RUSSIAN BATTERY.



Japanese saw what appeared to be the barrels of field-guns peering over a ditch in Manchuria. They made an attack, and, failing to draw the Russians' fire, approached nearer, when they discovered that it was a dummy battery, and the guns were nothing more than trunks of trees, as seen in the above photograph.

OF USING KITBAGS AS FERRY BOATS.



and ferry-boats. The first photograph shows the bags arranged for use as a raft or boat. In the next picture illustrates how the bags can be utilised as a ferry across a river.

A TYPE OF CHARMING GIRLHOOD.



A new study of Miss Eileen Chalmers.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.



Rugby : Lining-out. Cambridge University v. Richmond, at Richmond. The home team won by three tries to nil.



Association : The match between Woolwich Arsenal and Notts Forest, at the Arsenal's ground on Saturday afternoon. Some good headwork by Notts. The visitors won by three goals to nil.

THE "GOLDEN BUTTERFLIES."

Another Novel of German Officers and Army Life.

LIFE IN A CRACK REGIMENT. By Baron von Schlick. Fisher Unwin. 6s. Published To-day.

This is another military novel of the type of Lieutenant Bilde's famous "Life in a Garrison Town." It is a severe criticism of the way in which officers of the old nobility in the German Army understand military honour, and it is written, unlike Bilde's book, by one who is himself a member of the nobility criticised.

The "Golden Butterflies" are a very smart regiment indeed. They pride themselves on the fact that no plebeian has ever been admitted amongst the officers. Therefore they are considerably annoyed when they learn that a plain commoner, named Lieutenant Winkler, has, through special intervention of the Emperor, been transferred to their exclusive regiment.

"Who is Winkler?" the officers ask one another in consternation. He is merely the son of a rich manufacturer who occupies the position of commercial adviser to the Emperor. What does he manufacture? Trouser-buttons. The indignation and amazement of the officers increase when this terrible intelligence reaches them from their colonel. But there is no help for it. The Emperor has spoken.

CUT BY THE MESS.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Winkler arrives. He is introduced to his brother officers, who treat him with studied coldness.

Nor does time improve his position. His comrades do relent enough to borrow money of him, but the only house where he is welcomed is that of a noble though poor major who wants to get the rich young lieutenant as a husband for his daughter Hildegard.

In other houses Winkler is made to feel very uncomfortable.

George had been quite enough to social entertainments to know how everyone bowed down to title. And how often had he not noticed how people hummed and hawed at the sight of him, and could not understand how it was he belonged to such a distinguished regiment! Although the words had been softly spoken, he had once heard a young girl at a ball whisper to a friend: "If Lieutenant Winkler asks me to dance, I shall say my programme is full; I shall certainly not dance with a middle-class officer."

A SCOUNDREL SHOWN UP.

Besides the thought of Hildegard, however, Winkler has one consolation. This is his "friendship" with an amiable and good-hearted little actress named Olga. He is very kind to her, and she is very much in love with him. One evening, as they are sitting talking, a letter comes to Winkler from a brother officer named Willberg. Willberg is in want of money to pay his gambling debts.

Winkler throws the letter across to Olga and asks for advice. Shall he send the money? Olga says no, and seems suspiciously agitated. Her lover demands an explanation. "When you ask me not to help Willberg, and tell me that I ought not to help him, you must also tell me the reason why."

She looks at him with an expression of profound love. "Do not ask me, do not torture me; I cannot tell you!"

But Winkler insists. Finally, Olga confesses that Lieut. Willberg was once her lover. He betrayed her, treated her abominably, and finally deserted her. Winkler is furious. He refuses to send the money, and Willberg, unable to pay his debts, ends by shooting himself. This leaves a scandal on the regiment. It is known that Winkler had something to do with Willberg's death, and his comrades shun him all the more.

Their detestation of him grows even stronger when he causes a second scandal by insisting upon an investigation into the misdeeds of a non-commissioned officer, who has been brutally ill-treating his men.

NO "RAGGING" IN GERMANY.

Finally, disgusted with his treatment, Winkler resigns. His efforts to introduce a little honesty amongst the "Golden Butterflies" have not been successful. He marries Hildegard, and retires. What becomes of poor Olga we are not told.

The last words of the book tell of Winkler's joy that in future he would no longer belong to a profession the majority of whose members had not yet learned to work and to take life seriously. Is there not a lesson for the British as well as the German Army here? Would not the words apply equally well to the majority of our officers?

Do they not, perhaps, apply even more? For it is to be noted that the "Golden Butterflies" made no attempt to get rid of Winkler by "raging." We are afraid British officers do not always stop short at the silent method of treating those whom they consider "undesirables."

The "Story of the Crack Regiment" is, you see, very much a story "with a purpose."

But in spite of his excessive zeal the author has succeeded in producing an interesting book, a book that has attracted much attention in Germany and will be widely read in this country as well.

THE "LONDON FACE."

A Foreigner Says That Londoners All Look Listless and Bored.

I had read, writes a foreigner of some distinction who has lately been spending several weeks in London—I had read in a great English writer something about the tyranny of the human face.

But I never realised the full meaning of that statement until I began to wander about the London streets.

In such a street as the Strand, at midday, that tyranny may best be felt. What myriads of listless human faces! On they sweep, passively borne past you, on many of them no sign of an intention, a will to go anywhere in particular, but just a vague consciousness that they must go.

Does one see anywhere such ugly, ruined faces as in London—Paris, Berlin, Vienna, I see vicious faces, cynical faces, tired faces. Yet I kept a general impression that these faces were moving to some end—pleasant, laborious, or criminal. In London the faces, besides being often vicious, cynical, and tired, bear upon them above all other signs the one prevailling sign of London.

Bored and listless—that is what most of you see to be as you tread on each other's toes in the Strand. You look like people who are struggling to get something you don't want.

I don't wonder. This gigantic, monster city of yours has got the better of you. You can't get away from it. You have become a part of it. On foggy days I can scarcely tell which are more alive—the endless, moving crowds which stare about them at the houses, or the houses which stare back at the crowds.

Some of you are slowly beginning to rebel against it. Every evening crowds of you—City men, for the most part—get into trains and try to escape for a sleep in purer air. But you only get to a bogus kind of country—rows of villas with roads and hedges round them. A great city always defiles the country for miles around it, and I don't envy the City men their villas.

When I was ready to leave London, and took a last look round, I couldn't help wondering how many of the hundreds of thousands that drifted past me would come away with me if they could, and turn their backs upon the place as I did—for ever.

IS IT THE ACTORS' FAULT?

Dramatist Who Cannot Get "Strong Scenes" Properly Played.

"I ask whether an English author who writes strong scenes in modern drama is likely to get them vitalised in such a way as to move the audience?"

"I ask whether the comparative absence of trained emotional English actors and actresses is not enough of itself to account for the present condition of serious English drama?"

These questions are put by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in a pamphlet he has just published (*Macclesfield*) on "The Need for a National English Theatre."

"I willingly own," Mr. Jones says, "that we have many charming and accomplished actors and actresses who can faithfully reproduce that little mannerisms of ordinary everyday life, and talk and move on the stage much as they are used to do in the drawing-room, throwing in a few drill tricks of their own."

"But how many actors and actresses have we whose technique enables them to sustain a long serious conversation and keep the audience interested throughout, in the way that almost every trained French actor and actress can do?"

"The English actor as a rule knows that he cannot trust his technique, and is obliged to fidget and do little funny irrelevant tricks, which indeed make the spectators laugh, but only serve to destroy the reality of the scene and to stamp the author as a farceur."

That sounds like a cry coming from an author who has seen his work spoilt on the stage by incapable actors. Does he mean it for that?

He says, it is true, that he is indebted to "many of his interpreters." This is equivalent to saying "There are others." Of these he says nothing.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

KEATS'S ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrim'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen Thee oft amid thy store?
Somtimes whenever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-soft'd by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-rap'd furrow sound asleep,

WHAT IS A COKELER?

Strange Sussex Sect Which May Turn the Horsham Election.

The election contest now going on in the Horsham Division of Sussex has brought into sudden prominence a curious religious sect, which is to be found in that part of the country and nowhere else.

These people are called the "Cokelers"—nobody knows why. The usual explanation is that the nickname has reference to their habit of drinking cocaine instead of stronger liquors. But that is not exactly a serious derivation.

There are about 900 Cokelers altogether. They are mostly well-to-do in a small way, for the sect possesses a number of co-operative stores. They invest their savings in them, and buy all they want at them. The shops have also attracted a great deal of outside custom, so they prosper very well.

They are mostly teetotalers, and all very fond of singing hymns. There are no recognised ministers of religion amongst them. Anyone preaches who feels "moved" to do so.

One strange feature of their service is that they do not use the Lord's Prayer. They say it was only meant to be a model for other prayers, and that it is too short to be used as public worship. From this it may be gathered that their services do not end on the side of brevity.

They spend as much time as they can in their chapels, which usually stand next door to the Cokele stores. Bank Holidays they devote to prayer-meetings, as well as the whole of Sunday. In fact, going to chapel is their only form of recreation.

They are cheerful people, and enjoy good living, so long as it does not include alcoholic stimulants. But they think it wrong to dance, to go to theatres, to sing anything but hymns, and even to decorate rooms with flowers.

They have no marriage service. The view of their founder was that it was better both for men and women to be single. But they allow those Cokelers who do want to marry to get a person or a registrar to tie the knot.

As a rule they take no part whatever in politics, but just now great efforts are naturally being made by both sides to secure their votes.

LITTLE MARY AND THE MOTOR.

Many More Fat People Since Automobiles Became Fashionable.

"Motoring tends to obesity" is the dictum of a well-known lady writer in the "Boudoir" magazine.

It is a prospect to strike terror into the hearts of women. Of all things hated by them, to grow fat is the fate most dreaded and disliked.

Nevertheless, Lady Violet Greville's statement is full of truth. Lack of exercise is the first step towards stoutness, and since motoring came into fashion walking has gone out.

At one time the morning constitutional was a feature of society life. Carriages were hardly seen until the afternoon hours. In the country, at least one good walk a day was taken.

Nowadays the world and his wife go about in their motor-cars all the time. They never walk at all if they can possibly help it. The results are to be seen in the increased weight and waist-measure of any number of motorists.

Naturally they grow fatter for the reason that they do not walk. But there are other reasons as well. Rushing quickly through the air sharpens the appetite. At the end of a drive a large meal is wanted, and eating largely is a long step toward road to obesity.

Another result of a rapid drive is a desire for sleep. Nothing is more provocative of fat than overmuch sleep. Fat people nearly always stay in bed longer than others, and are often half asleep in the daytime, too.

One well-known woman boasts that since she has had a motor she has never been for a walk at all, and never means to go for one again. She has lost not only her figure, but her complexion. Let others take warning by her fate.

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers; And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep Steady thy laden head across a brook; Or by a cider-press, with patient look, Thou watchest the last coozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them—they hast thy music too, While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue; Then in a whilful choir the small gnats mourn Among the river-sallows, borne aloft

On sinking as the light wind lives or dies; And full-grown lambs loud blem from hilly bourn; Hedge crickets sing, and now with treble soft The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft, And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

TYPEWRITER WITHOUT NOISE.

I should like to communicate with your correspondent "Stockbroker."

The above has been a study of mine for some time past, and I shall be prepared to demonstrate that the object he calls for is to be accomplished.

F. W. CLEVELAND.

123, Finsbury-pavement.

THE PASSION FOR PUBLICITY.

Why did Mr. A. F. Morrison pen the letter that appeared in the *Daily Mirror* of the 21st inst?

Can the answer to this query be found in his own slightly altered quotation, "Sweet are the uses of advertisement"?

SUNIK.

TIPS AT THE ZOO.

At the Zoo on Monday last my daughter and myself had each a small glass of milk and a bath bun, the tariff charge for which was 8d., which I cheerfully paid.

On the top of this, however, I was asked to "remember the waiter." I expressed the opinion that I had paid enough already, but I was informed that the waiter only received 5s. per week wages.

After that I complied with the request. But is not this contemptible?

J. SHEARD.

Junior Reform Club, Liverpool.

LESS PAY, MORE BRAINS.

In comparing Japanese officers' salaries with those of British officers you say a British colonel draws £730 a year and a major £388. Would it be troubling you too much to tell me in what branch of the British Army?

I have served two years in the British Army—the last two years of that time as a major. Without deducting income-tax or compulsory mess subscription my pay as a major works out at rather less than £230.

As to £730 for a colonel, it appears to me Utopian!

FIELD OFFICER.

[The figures given were taken from "Whitaker's Almanack," and related to officers on staff pay—ED. D. M.]

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

The laws of science are the laws of God. Buckland, Dover.

H. W. EDWARDS.

The Bible as man's work is full of mistakes of facts. For a true account of nature one must turn to science.

The Bible is poetry, biography, history, dreams; not a scientific book. H. J. WILLIAMS.

Lichfield.

Mr. John Balfour says that to do away with the Resurrection is to do away with the basis of Christianity.

Why should this be? Surely the basis of Christianity is Christ. A Christian is one who believes in Him, and takes Him for an example in all things. We can try to do this without accepting either the Resurrection or the miraculous birth of Christ.

Charles Kingsley named science "the voice of God."

A. KATE RANCE.

Mr. John Balfour wonders why men believe in the facts of science, and not in the Bible in block. The answer is simple.

If he, or anyone who agrees with him, doubts the truth of any universally accepted scientific fact, such as the roundness of the Earth, he can settle the point for himself. He has but to educate himself up to the necessary point. Nothing in science is nowadays accepted on the authority alone of any man, however eminent.

It is precisely the opposite in regard to the Bible. Miracles are there related which contradict the universal experience of mankind. Their credibility rests solely upon the statements of writers—in many cases anonymous—who have been dead for centuries.

Perhaps this little difference between the two cases accounts for the obtuseness of belief, which appears so surprising to Mr. John Balfour. C. M. CAMPBELL.

"TO AVOID TOTAL LOSS."

The Fable of a Sportsman, a Post Office and a Grouse.

A certain sportsman on September 15 sent to a friend by post from Dundee a grouse which he had shot himself.

The sportsman, having failed to arrive, he wrote to the Post Office to inquire the reason; and after the lapse of a month received a reply to the effect that the grouse "escaped during transit" and had been sold "in order to avoid total loss," for 9d.

The sender thereupon wrote:

A fowl capable, although dead, of escaping from its parcel, and which you have been able (apparently without recapture) to sell for 9d., "to avoid total loss," deserves, if not preserved, a place at least in the historical records of the Post Office and a niche in history by the side of Boyle Roche's famous bird.

[Sir Boyle Roche was the Irish M.P. who said:—"Mr. Speaker, sir, not being a phoenix, I cannot be in two places at once."]

MORAL: If you are connected with the Post Office, you get your game cheap.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The New Stephen Lathom.

Stephen Lathom looked at himself in the little square of glass provided by the hospital authorities. He had just been shaved by a not very talented amateur son of the pole, and his cheeks smarted yet. Not that he was altogether ungrateful; it was afeat he could not have accomplished himself. His fingers were not quite equal to so delicate a task, although his week in hospital had worked wonders.

"Your own mother wouldn't know you now, my son," he said, to his reflection in the glass. "Once women called you pretty boy, now you're a pretty object."

The face in the glass smiled back at him rather sadly, as though he found it difficult to recognise the humour of its own past. It was a face on which suffering had left very definite marks, carved very decisive and eloquent lines round the delicate sensitive mouth, and the brown eyes which, though hunted, had somehow not lost the old attractive look of candour. The skin was of a very singular hue of whiteness, soft and crumpled looking, like the skin of the aged.

The man, Stephen Lathom, was twenty-five years of age; the face in the glass was the face of a man of twice those years. His hair was thickly flecked with grey, above each ear was a widening patch of white. Time, rest, tranquillity, above all happiness, might do much to smoothen out the track of suffering's fingers, but Stephen Lathom would never be young again, in the sense of the youth which had belonged to him when he sat, swinging his legs, in Robert Ferris's office table, on the morning when Fate caught him into its mysterious coil.

The glass, ten inches by six, did not give him a very extended view of his figure. He glanced down at the slop suit which had been procured for him through the kindness of the doctor, and smiled whimsically, remembering the triumphs of Poole which had hitherto covered his immaculate person. His feet, still painful enough to make him conscious of them, were clad in those cloth boots of a far-from-elegant make, which surely St. Crispin, of his clemency, designed for the owners of come.

"Ye gods," he said to himself. "Ye little fishes!" He sat down and held out his feet, apostrophising them tenderly.

Yet, in spite of its incongruity, he was thankful for his decent covering, remembering the guise in which he had come to the hospital, and what that guise had nearly cost him—a tremendous bound from the frying-pan into the fire. For official curiosity had been keenly aroused by the spectacle of an Englishman masquerading in native garments, whose feet and hands bore such terrible and similar wounds.

As he sat there, he was thankful that fate had sent him such an interrogator as Bernard Lumley, the house-surgeon, a man gifted with imagination, who knew that things might exist although his finite experience had not as yet embraced them. To him Stephen had made such explanation as he dared, explained his strange condition by an unvarnished tale of Western folly and Eastern revenge. Italian vendetta methods as adapted by the followers of some strange Indian sect.

In some of his story the doctor read the accents of truth; to what was more doubtful he was mercifully indulgent. He did not probe. Long experience of human nature had told him what man may be trusted and what man may not. In Stephen he recognised a gentleman, a man of honour, and it is not to be denied that this influenced his judgment. He was anxious that Stephen should put his case into the hands of the police, but he never mentioned the subject after the first time, because of the very real terror which sprang into Stephen's eyes. That there was mystery behind it all was patent enough, but it was not his business in life to play the detective.

"A white man," said Stephen, half aloud, "white through and through," and swore a mighty oath to himself that if it were ever in his power to show his gratitude to this man he would do so. Ever in his power! His lips curled at the thought. What could he do, penniless, prematurely aged, as he was? The Indians had not only robbed him of youth, they had robbed him of his money, the price which Robert Ferris had paid him for his life. He was powerless, helpless, with so thin a partition between his past and his present that at any moment the police might lay their hands on him and haul him off to justice.

He stood up and hobble back into the ward.

A pale-faced nurse stopped him as he passed her, and put a smiling question to him: "You leave us to-day, Wells? I hope you are going to be very careful; those feet of yours will not stand you up straight."

"Oh, I'm going to be careful," he said, "jolly careful! But I'm sorry to have to go back into the world—you shouldn't make us so comfortable here."

She moved on with a pleased but patronising smile, for she had not the eyes of Dr. Lumley, and did not see the gentleman behind the mask of the slop suit.

Lathom was to take his discharge to-day; in some twenty minutes he would leave the hospital

and face the world. His face was very grim as he made his preparations and surveyed the parcel which contained the hated Indian garments. He would have been glad to leave them behind, but some instinct warned him to take them, which might be useful evidence if he were ever to come into his own again.

There were not many patients leaving the ward; most of those who were about to be discharged chatted together, drawn by a community of interest. They would all find anxious friends and relatives awaiting them outside. He had no one. He wished he could have seen the doctor again. He would have said good-bye to him that morning only, not realising the cut-and-dried rules which govern a hospital, he had looked to see him again.

Somehow he felt like a prisoner leaving a cell in which he had been immured for twenty years, rather than a sick man cured, going out into the world again. The long, stone corridors, as he traversed them, struck chill into his heart.

Near the entrance he saw Dr. Lumley; his eyes brightened. He broke from the little group of which he was a unit and crossed the hall with a word of farewell. But the doctor was a man who suffered from his liver and loved the good things of life; from such a union springs irritation at times. This afternoon he was morose, a consequence of dining overnight with some most worshipful company. He gave Stephen a curt nod, and echoed the nurse's hope that he would be careful. He did not even offer to shake hands, and as he moved on Stephen imagined that there was a hidden meaning behind his warning. He felt a paroxysm. His shattered nerves twitched from irritation.

"Confound him!" he said bitterly, as he crossed the hall. "He treated me as though I were a coal-heaver!" Of a sudden he felt all the bitterness of the poor, unimposed and penniless, against the rich, snug and prosperous. "I suppose he thinks I'm a sort of who's done something shady, and sneaked in for free treatment at a hospital, to cover my tracks!"

He felt in his pocket mechanically, with the action of a man accustomed to a generous use of money. His hand came in contact with a few scattered coins and the gold-colored necklace set with strange stones—what remained of the little box in the packet which Channa had placed into his breast, as she let him out from the house of his master.

He drew the money out and looked at it. His worldly wealth consisted of two half-crowns, a loose sixpence, and a solitary copper.

With an impulse more angry than generous he slipped the two half-crowns into the box for donations, and passed out into the courtyard. Almost as soon as he was in the street he recognised that he was a fool, not because he had thrown all that he had into the treasury of charity, but because, out of a snobbish pique, he had broken down the barrier which stood between him and starvation.

He hobbled along in a southerly direction through the chill fog, which was turning to rain, a man with out a future, without a home, without, in that moment, a hope or an inspiration in the world. At the end of Berners-street he paused. The usual flood of humanity was sweeping up Oxford-street from the east, and surging down Oxford-street from the west. He stood for a moment at the corner, as one caught in the maelstrom of life. Obeying an almost animal instinct to escape from the crowd, he waited on the curb for a moment for a cessation of the traffic, then crossed, and continued his painful way down Wardour-street.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Woman in the Pawnshop.

Even the expenditure of sevenpence in one of Greathear's restaurants does not ensure your using the premises as a club. The stodgiest of cake, if perseveringly nibbled at, ends at last, and the largest cauldron of a generous caterer must, if sipped at all, be emptied. Reluctantly at last Stephen Lathom stood up. He understood now, in some dim degree, why the penniless, homeless man, or even the man who is not actually penniless or homeless, enjoys the blazing lights, the sprightly air of cheerfulness, the chatter of human voices, which form the life of a public-house. Outside was chill mist and rain, the seething mud of the streets, inside an imitation, tawdry if you like, yet a recognisable imitation of a home.

Before he slept that night there was a visit which he must pay, a visit repugnant to him, unfamiliar, yet absolutely necessary, a call upon the most accommodating relative a man possesses.

As he went along the street his eyes sought from side to side for a gimmer through the darkness of those golden balls which are the pawnbrokers' coat of arms. Once or twice he passed beneath florid porticos, displaying this flitting sign, but they were too grand, too like those magnificent jewellers' windows, to be really attractive, and never sold.

No, to be perfectly accurate, that he was unfamiliar with either the methods or the interior of a pawnshop, but there is a subtle distinction between pledging your watch in order to treat a lady to supper and pledging that lady's necklace in order that you may not starve. The distinction galled him.

"I'm going to be careful," he said, "jolly careful! But I'm sorry to have to go back into the world—you shouldn't make us so comfortable here."

At last, in a small side street, he came upon the

place that seemed likely to suit his purpose. It was Saturday evening. To his left a squat alley opened, its narrow mouth choked with stalls lighted by flaring naphtha torches, the smoke of which lay heavy like a pall between the tall, mean houses. To his right stretched a dimly-lighted street which led to an aristocratic thoroughfare. The shop, thronged now with its usual week-end customers, stood imposingly sentinel at the corner.

With a little gulp of distaste, Stephen pushed open the side door and mingled with the crowd, mainly composed of women, which surged in the boxes, three and four and five at a time.

He hung back a little, while an enormously fat woman made frantic efforts to obtain what she considered an adequate return for the pledge of a Paisley shawl. From coquetry she slid to rudeness, from rudeness to vituperation, and finally, grabbing up the half-crown, which was all she could obtain, she pushed her way out, leaving in her wake a seething foam of profanity. The other occupant of the box in which Lathom stood was also a woman, small and fragile looking, very heavily veiled. The pledge she offered was a plain gold ring—a wedding ring.

The pawnbroker's assistant, who appeared behind the confessional-like window, had a facious soul, and a large, flabby, somewhat pimply face. From the shape of his collar Lathom could see he imagined himself a fat.

"Ah," he said, taking up the little circle, "and as it come to this, miss? His it your own or his it a case of 'light come, light go'?"

The woman made no answer, but Lathom could see that the thin hand which clutched the wooden desk in front of her quivered.

"How much will you give me?" she said in a stifled voice.

The youth made a faint of weighing it. "Two bob," he said, then added "a tanner," for the woman shook her head.

"Is that all?" she asked again, "for a wedding ring? Is it heavy—twenty-two carat?" Her voice was low, but strained, but it had some pretty notes in it, Lathom noticed.

"A wedding-ring, not such a novelty in these parts as you seem to think, m'dear," said the youth offensively. "Take it or leave it. I haven't the time to wait, this evenin', if you please."

With a hoarse cry the woman snatched up the ring and fled out of the shop.

Lathom's business was quickly transacted. He obtained a couple of sovereigns on the necklace, and hurried away. He wondered if it would be possible to overtake the woman who had been trying to pledge her wedding-ring. He had a vision of the ringless hand that had clutched the countershaft, thin, almost transparent, the hand of want.

Down the dimly-lighted street which led to the aristocratic thoroughfare he imagined he saw a dim figure crouching against some railings. The night was so foggy that it might have been a figure of his imagination. But, as quickly as his crippled feet permitted, he crossed and hurried down the street.

He had not been wrong. There was a woman by the railings, not crouching, but stooping, looking anxiously hither and thither, as one who has lost something.

Lathom raised his hat. "I bear your pardon, madam," he said quietly, "but have you lost something? Can I be of any assistance to you?"

The woman straightened herself, with a little, nervous cry. She had thrown back her veil in the agony of her search, for she had dropped the precious wedding-ring she treasured. The lamp-light, yellow and fog-laden, yet distinct, fell full on her face.

Lathom suppressed an exclamation of astonishment, for the woman so strangely met in that miserable pawnshop was the woman Amy, who in Charing Cross Station had clung so desperately to the man who was parting from her, the man who had thrown himself from the Channel boat, the man whom he himself personated—Edward Wells.

(To be continued.)

LAUNCHING OF BLACK PRINCE.

Armoured Cruiser Will Take the Water Early Next Month.

The launching of H.M.S. Black Prince will take place at the Thames Ironworks yard, Canning Town, on Tuesday afternoon, November 8. The christening and launching ceremony will be performed by the Countess of Selborne, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Black Prince is an armoured cruiser, and is being constructed in accordance with the Admiralty contract of two years ago. It is at present on the slips near Tidal Basin Station, and is a prominent feature in the East End.

The Black Prince is being constructed at the same spot as the Albion, whose launching was attended with a sad catastrophe.

It will be remembered that a large conourse of people assembled on a landing-stage by the side of the dockyard, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, then the Duchess of York, performed the launching ceremony. The function had been carried out and the Albion had glided down the slips into the water. The people on the landing-stage had not calculated on the dreadful swell caused by the displacement of the water by the vessel, and in a few minutes they were all engulfed. Many lives were lost.

H.M.S. Black Prince, when she leaves the Thames Ironworks, will be towed into the Victoria Dock, for fitting out. She will then proceed to Chatham to take in ordnance, prior to her speed trials before the Lords of the Admiralty.

THE ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD!

LEWIS'S "WONDERFUL" VELVETEEN AT 2/- A YARD

FOR TWENTY YEARS LEWIS'S Wonderfully Advertised at 2/- a yard. It is equal in appearance and durability to the best Silk Velvet, and can be had in every colour except black. Made in Black and all colours, including the new Persian, Persian Pile, Persian Shaded, Persian Pile, Fast Dyed. Every Inch Guaranteed.

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GIVEN AWAY to buyers of 3 shirts, a pair of Gent's "Great Sale" List of Hundreds of Bargains is sent Post Free.

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FORTUNATE HOMES.

WIVES WHO MAKE THEIR HUSBANDS HAPPY.

MARRIAGES THAT TURN OUT WELL.

"It's not choosing a wife that I find the difficulty," said a man. "I can find plenty of girls, any one of whom I might like to marry. The real difficulty is to know with which I would be happy this time ten years."

Yes, that is the question. What sort of girl will make the wife who secures her husband's happiness? It is worth while to consider the point.

First it is the unselfish wife who makes her husband happy. Not the one who sacrifices her own wishes merely, and gives him all the comforts in the household, leaving herself with only the thorns and荆棘. This sort of wife encourages selfishness in her husband without meaning to do it; and I am really blameless.

A wife who wants to be unselfish must be tender with her husband when he has any difficulties, and

him as proud of her all their married life as when she was a bride. She takes care of her appearance for his sake, and does not consider herself entitled to become a dowdy person the minute the wedding ring is put on. She keeps up the charm and the fascination that first attracted him till long, long after her hair is grey, and her face is wrinkled. She is not so foolish as to think that a man's love once gained does not need to be kept. She makes her husband happy because she retains his love and admiration to the end of her days, and he is rejoiced to feel that she belongs to him, and that no one can dispute his right to her.

CONCERNING SLEEVES.

AN INTERESTING TOPIC.

Each week brings forth the most conflicting rumours about sleeves. One authority states that they are soon to be modified in size as well as in elaboration, another states that they are to be still

ATHLETICS AT SEA.

HEALTHY AMUSEMENTS ABOARD SHIP.

Physical exercise for the passengers on the big trans-Atlantic steamers is being developed more and more every day, and it will not be many years before all the steamers of the more important lines will be equipped with gymnasiums, in which will be found the same exercising machines that are to be found on shore.

It has been found by the officers of ships on which athletic games are encouraged during the voyage that the general health of the passengers is much better than on ships where people loll about all day, and that a generous amount of such exercise is one of the best preventives of seasickness.

On some of the German liners the first night at sea is usually devoted to a dance. On the English, American, and French liners, making acquaint-

ances. The partners must meet, light the cigarette, and then the runner must return to the starting point, the cigarette still lighted; and the one to get back first wins the race.

The women are compelled to strike the matches to light the cigarette, and they are not allowed to strike them on any part of the ship, or on a matchbox, but on the soles of their shoes, and the efforts of the women to do this are often extremely humorous, the inability of many to ignite matches in that way frequently losing the race to a swift man.

FOR THE CHICKS.

LETTERS THEY LIKE TO RECEIVE.

Indulgent parents and other relations of little children should ask for Deans' postal toy-books at the booksellers'. These toy-books are exactly what their name indicates, for they are well illustrated and artistically coloured little tomes enclosed in a wrapper intended to be gummed all round and to be sent by post for the sum of one penny. There are two sets of packets, the "Piccaninny" and the "Tom-Tit," and the price for the first is sixpence per packet of six, and for the second one shilling for the same number.

That they will please the little ones there is no doubt, for they are very original and entertaining. Every child delights in receiving a letter, and when it is such a letter as this their joy will be trebled. It should be added that on the inside of the outer covers there is ample room for a letter of considerable length to be indited.

PUNCTUALITY IS A VIRTUE.

DON'T KEEP YOUR LOVER WAITING.

It is said that punctuality is a courtesy of kings, and how often we have to regret that it does not seem to be a courtesy of other people as well! How many spoiled tempers and broken engagements may be put down to that most irritating habit of never keeping an appointment! If Edwin is half an hour late, Angelina has ample time to muse on all his shortcomings, in which his presence she would never dream of. If Angelina says she will be ready at three, and then keeps the rate Edwin till nearly four before she appears, words may be spoken on both sides that both will be sorry for afterwards.

It is said that the Princess of Wales never will keep anyone waiting, and punctually fulfills all her appointments. Would that the rest of the world would follow her royal example!



A serviceable felt hat bound with velvet for evening wear.



Long coats of the Directoire pattern are to be very much seen this winter. The one in the adjoining picture is made of gun-metal-grey cloth, with revers and cuffs of scarlet and grey velvet. In the hat note the new feather, which is called the Nell Gwyn.

not always put her own interests in the front. She must make her husband really her friend, and confide in him.

Then another quality the wife who makes her husband happy must possess is the power always of being bright, and looking on the cheerful side of life. She does not come down to breakfast with a frown. She does not dart scornful glances at him when he perpetrates his little jokes, even if she cannot always understand them. She does not develop a headache as soon as he is in a hilarious mood, repeatedly remarking that he wouldn't feel very lively if he had been at home all day looking after the children because nurse was ill.

The old wife meets her husband with a smile, even if household matters have gone crooked since he left in the morning. She reflects that her husband has no doubt had many bothers and worries in his work during the day, which he does not visit upon her innocent shoulders. Why should she treat him more harshly than he treats her? The wife who makes her husband happy keeps

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A clear, healthy complexion and white hands, proof against hard water, heat, cold, wind or fog, can only be obtained and kept by using ICILMA WATER CREAM, and SOAP. Nature's remedies. The cream is cooling, softening, and toning, and the soap effect is unique and immediate. (Samples, Soap and Cream, 2s. each.)

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Furnish for Credit. Deposit Optional.

£5 worth (50 payments) 2s. monthly.
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more full and fussy. At present nine out of ten dressy frocks have elbow sleeves, or sleeves reaching to a point about half-way between the elbow and the wrist, and finished with a series of undersleeves.

Again there is an increasing tendency to copy the long mitten cuff of lace or some other transparent material. But even in such a model the sleeve ending just below the elbow with frills seems to be the proper style, and the cuff merely an addition.

The old-time gigot is often seen, and short, flowing or pagoda sleeves are much used for the little autumn bolero. They either hang plainly to the elbow or are slashed up to show the thin undersleeve.

The tailor's idea of gigot sleeves, as seen in some fashionable models, is not graceful. The sleeve is set into a small armhole, and makes a sausage-like curve to a straight finish, like that of a man's coat sleeve. Variations of this show the fullness pleated into a cuff on the outside of the arm only, and sometimes the slight fullness at the top of the sleeve is arranged in very small, stitched pleats.

ances is the chief amusement for the first day, and then, when the passengers are better known to one another, races of all kinds are arranged.

A race is usually run the length of the deck and back again, but sometimes there is a handicap that takes the runners from almost the end of the ship to the top deck, or the same distance in the other direction.

An egg-and-spoon race is usually very exciting. Eggs are arranged at certain intervals along the deck, and each contestant is provided with a spoon, with which he must pick up one egg from each collection. When the ship is steady the task is not so hard, but when it rolls, though even slightly, the eggs roll too, and sometimes a competitor will chase one egg for five minutes, to have it finally rolled over the side of the ship and into the sea. Anyone losing an egg is discredited.

A cigarette race is not the least exciting or amusing of many other games. In this the men and women are paired off. Either can do the running, but the men usually usurp the honour. The runners start from one end of the deck, while the partners wait at the other end. Each man is provided with a cigarette, and each woman with some

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£40	1 0 0
£50	0 0 0
£100	2 5 0
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The MODEL INSTALMENT SYSTEM

Send for our Handbook GUIDE & CATALOGUE

All-round Health at Home

ALl-ROUND Health at Home can always be kept up or health restored after illness with Scott's Emulsion. The second great thing about Scott's Emulsion (the first is the fact that Scott's Emulsion cures) is the fact that Scott's Emulsion CURES ANYONE—the youngest and the oldest and the sick people of all the ages in between. This is because Scott's Emulsion cures the condition—the age of the sufferer makes no difference, except in the size of the dose. See for example, from an adult:

Mrs. F. Wals, 15, Bidborough St., King's Cross, on May 17th, 1904, wrote us: "I had a bad attack of bronchitis... I took Scott's Emulsion. Your remedy soon gave me renewed strength, an improved appetite, and in time entirely overcame all the distressing symptoms in my case. I am now perfectly well."

Now in this case the CONDITION is cured in a child. Mrs. L. J. Garner, Colnbrook, Bucks, wrote us on May 6th, 1904: "My little boy had an attack of bronchitis. In a short time after commencing Scott's Emulsion his cough quite disappeared. After taking two bottles he had gained 2½ lbs., and he is now perfectly well."

Because Scott's Emulsion cures a condition, you see how easy it is to have All-round Health at Home! Include Scott's Emulsion among your permanent possessions—it keeps sweet to the last dose. When strength is wanting for anyone at home, the baby, the child, the man or yourself, Scott's Emulsion will bring it!

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the perfect bringer-back of strength and the great "thrower-out" of disease. It throws out all diseases of the throat, lungs and blood, and brings back strength after wasting. To help in having All-round Health at Home send 4d. (for postage), with the name of this paper, and you will receive from

SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter St., E.C., a free sample bottle, and "The Spirit of the Sunshine," a charming booklet for the children!



GEORGE HAYES GARNER

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

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WHITE
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For Breakfast & after Dinner.

LADIES! DO NOT FAIL

to send at once for design showing exact size of

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NATIONAL HUNT AT SANDOWN.

A Curious Blunder in a Race
Description—May King's
Great Effort.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE BETTING.

In weather more suggestive of July than October, the sun shining brilliantly, the Sandown fixture, under National Hunt Rules, was decided in the presence of a large crowd. Unlike the experience of some previous years, falls were very few. This was due to the fine going.

The proceedings opened with the Selling "Chase," and it was indicated by the wagering that either Loupeau or Sandy Bee would provide the winner. Loupeau never went well and Sandy Bee led from start to finish, being afterwards sold to the owner of the second for 80 guineas.

An eleven-hour rush caused Welsh Lad to hold pride of place in the quotations for the Selling Handicap Hurdle, but, although he made up a lot of ground between the last two hurdles, he failed to reach Ronald, who was bought for in 175 guineas. Mr. T. F. Smith claimed Welsh Lad.

May King had won the Park Handicap "Chase" three times in succession, but failed to do so again, though he was first favourite. His rider certainly laid a long way off when only a mile had to be covered, and the effort to get up between the last two fences proved too much. The Farmer securing the verdict over Coteseshope, May King was pulled up close home, or he could have been placed.

There was a lot of discussion over the result of the Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race, won by Arbares, owing to the horses covering more than the advertised distance—"About a mile and five furlongs." The stewards decided that the word "about" governed the matter, and overruled it. The horses as matters of fact, went nearly a mile and seven furlongs. The extra portion was no doubt the cause of Be Careless stopping to nothing, after looking all over a winner. He was ridden by C. Ward, who rode Rock dove to victory in the Cesarewitch of 1893, but who has not been seen in the saddle for four years.

Rider Reprimanded.

After the race W. G. Rogers, the rider of Place-man, was called before the stewards and severely reprimanded by them for, after missing the first hurdle, rejoining the other horses and continuing with them to the finish.

Starfield brought off a 100 to 8 chance for Mr. Stellall in the Handicap Hurdle Race, due to his superior speed on the flat. There was a lot of trouble at the post, and there were four false starts.

The concluding race, the Handicap Steeplechase, saw Sincerity fall on the flat, making the bottom turn into the straight, and Delgany fell over her. Phil May, after an objection for crossing, was returned the winner.

In the Cambridgeshire betting Delaunay was a quiet first favourite, always being on offer at 700 to 200. Calis closed second in demand, finding ready support at 7/5, 13 to 2, and 6/5, together with 2/1 for a place. Wild Oats and Dean Swift had friends, and from 20/1 Union Jack advanced to 1000 to 60. Laveuse, too, was not neglected at 20/1 and 100 to 6. The Page was supported, and from 100 to 1 Winkfield's Fortune came to half the price.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

GATWICK.

- 1.45.—Leigh Hurdle—LITTLE GARSTON.
- 2.15.—Merstham "Chase"—RICHMOND ROY.
- 2.45.—Grange Steeplechase—OLEASTER.
- 3.15.—Timbertop Hurdle—HOPELESS II.
- 3.45.—Juvenile Hurdle—ARBACES.
- 4.15.—Crawley Steeplechase—QUEEN BEE.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

ARBACES.

GREY FRIARS.

THE TWO BEST THINGS.

"The Squire's" double for Gatwick to-day is as follows:—

- 3.45.—Juvenile Hurdle—ARBACES.
- 4.15.—Crawley Steeplechase—QUEEN BEE.

RACING RETURNS.

SANDOWN PARK.—SATURDAY.

1.35.—SELLING STEEPELECHASE of 100 svs; winner to be sold for 80 guineas. The winning horse, Mr. Forn's SANDY BEEF, by Ascaso, dam by Au Bonheur, aged 13t 7lb. Trainer—Phillips 1. Mr. C. Ward's RUMBLE, aged 13t 7lb. Trainer—Mr. W. H. Bonas's BUCK UP, aged 12t 7lb. Trainer—Ferrari (Winner trained by Ferrari).

7 ran. Betting—5 to 1 each way by two lengths; bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. C. H. Styles for 80 guineas.

2.20.—SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 100 svs; winner to be sold for 50 guineas. Two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. H. Boas's RONALD, by Gangway—Ilfa, 4yrs. Trainer—T. F. Smith. Weight—12st 10lb. Trainer—Mr. C. W. H. Bonas's WELSH LAD, 3yrs, 10m. Trainer—Mr. F. G. Harper's CHAMPAGNE, 4yrs, 1st 1b. Trainer—Mr. G. Parker's (Winner trained by Mr. Gorra).

13 run. Betting—2 to 1 each! Welsh Lad, 9 to 2 against

Champagne, 6 to 1 Ronald. Won by a length; five lengths divided the second and third. The winner was bought in for 175 guineas, and Mr. T. F. Smith claimed Welsh Lad.

3.30.—PARK HANDICAP STEEPELECHASE of 200 svs.

Captain Neil Haig's THE FARMER, by Red Prince II, Double Primrose, 5yrs, 10st 13lb. Trainer—P. Cowley 1.

Mr. C. Levy's COTTENSHOPE, aged 10st 10lb. Trainer—Mr. B. W. Parc's MOONEYSHOP, 5yrs, 10st.

(Winner trained by Captain Dewhurst.)

19 ran. Betting—5 to 1 each agt. The Farmer and Mooneyshop, 10 to 1 each. The Farmer, 10 to 1 by four lengths; six lengths divided the second and third.

3.00.—THREE-YEAR-OLD HURDLE RACE of 100 svs; second to receive 5 svs. About one mile and five furlongs. Mr. C. Ward's ARBACES, by Galloping Lad—Philips 1. Trainer—Clark 10st 7lb. Trainer—Mr. W. H. Bonas's KROGH 1.

Mr. A. P. Gunthorpe's BE CARELESS, 10st 7lb. Trainer—Mr. W. F. Lyman's TURELL, 10st 7lb. Trainer—Freemantle 3.

15 ran. Betting—7 to 2 agt Be Careless, 10 to 1 Truefitt, 100 to 1 Arbares. Won rather easily by a length and a half; six lengths divided the second and third.

3.30.—HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE of 200 svs. Two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. A. Stedman's HARTRIDGE, by Sir Visto—Mutina, 1.

Mr. C. Hibbert's SALVADOR, aged 11st 10lb.

Mr. P. Peebles's SLIPTHRIET, 5yrs, 11st 9lb. Trainer—Mr. H. Ripley 3.

13 ran. Betting—10 to 1 each Hartfield, Salvador, and Slipthriet. Won by a length and a half; three lengths separated the second and third.

4.00.—HANDICAP STEEPELECHASE of 100 svs. Two miles.

Colonel H. T. Penwick's THE MAY, by Milner—Sister May 1.

Mr. Pritchard's GRANDCHILD, 5yrs, 7st 7lb. Trainer—Philips 3.

9 ran. Betting—2 to 3 Philip May, 7 to 1 Grandchild, 10 to 1 Calis. Won by six lengths; two lengths between the second and third.

WINNERS AND PRICES AT STOCKTON.

Race.	Winner.	Jockey.	Petrol.
Fascby (4)	St. Watson	E. Wheatley	8 to 1
Bishop (14)	Sugie	A. Sharples	7 to 4
Autumn (10)	Ganton	Condie	10 to 1
Tosses (18)	Bassoon	Trigg	10 to 1
Brooklands (6)	Isom	A. Sharples	Even

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

GATWICK.

1.45.—LEIGH SELLING HURDLE RACE of 100 svs.

Mr. Bonar's Mari Queen II, ... Third place, 7s 10s yrs to lb

Mr. H. Bottomley's East Friers ... Fifth place, 12s 3d

Mr. J. C. Bristow's Volante ... Sixth place, 12s 3d

Mr. W. H. Burbridge's Upper Cut ... Owner 10s

Mr. W. Downes's Goldilocks ... Owner 10s

Mrs. G. Gore's Incarnation ... Owner 10s

Mr. St. John's Starvelander ... Private 10s

Mr. C. Wood's Charivari ... Owner 10s

Mr. E. Woodland's Little Garston ... Owner 4 1/2 12

Mr. H. H. Hulme's Langleur ... Owner 3 1/2 12

Mr. C. W. Ward's Margolin ... Owner 3 1/2 12

Mr. C. Ward's Bell Sound ... Owner 10s

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's John Deans ... Owner 10s

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's Longhorne ... Sentences 10s

Mr. A. Gorham's David Harum ... Hackett 10s

Capt. W. D. Pye's Redoubtable ... Privates 10s

H. M. Pye's Grandchild ... Leader 10s

Capt. T. Tristram's Monoco ... Swatton 10s

Mr. C. Ward's Delightful ... Cole 10s

Mr. E. Woodland's Swan ... Owner 10s

Mr. W. H. Burbridge's Swan ... Owner 10s

2.15.—MERSTHAM STEEPELECHASE (handicap) of 100 svs. Two miles.

Mr. C. H. Habin's Bonny ... Habin, Gully 12s 3d

Mr. C. Ward's Bad Weather ... Phillips 12s 3d

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's John Deans ... Owner 10s

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's Longhorne ... Sentences 10s

Mr. A. Gorham's David Harum ... Hackett 10s

Capt. W. D. Pye's Redoubtable ... Privates 10s

H. M. Pye's Grandchild ... Leader 10s

Mr. C. Ward's Delightful ... Cole 10s

Mr. E. Woodland's Swan ... Owner 10s

Mr. W. H. Burbridge's Swan ... Owner 10s

3.15.—TIMBERTOP HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 100 svs. Two miles.

Mr. C. H. Habin's Bonny ... Habin, Gully 12s 3d

Mr. C. Ward's Bad Weather ... Phillips 12s 3d

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's John Deans ... Owner 10s

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's Longhorne ... Sentences 10s

Mr. A. Gorham's David Harum ... Hackett 10s

Mr. C. Ward's Delightful ... Cole 10s

Mr. E. Woodland's Swan ... Owner 10s

Mr. W. H. Burbridge's Swan ... Owner 10s

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's Swan ... Owner 10s

Mr. C. Ward's Swan ... Owner 10s

3.45.—GRANGE SELLING STEEPELECHASE of 100 svs. Two miles.

Mr. C. Ward's Bad Weather ... Phillips 12s 3d

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's John Deans ... Owner 10s

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's Longhorne ... Sentences 10s

Mr. A. Gorham's David Harum ... Hackett 10s

Mr. C. Ward's Delightful ... Cole 10s

Mr. E. Woodland's Swan ... Owner 10s

Mr. W. H. Burbridge's Swan ... Owner 10s

Mr. C. R. Hodgeson's Swan ... Owner 10s

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